July 29, 1961

THE NEW YORKER

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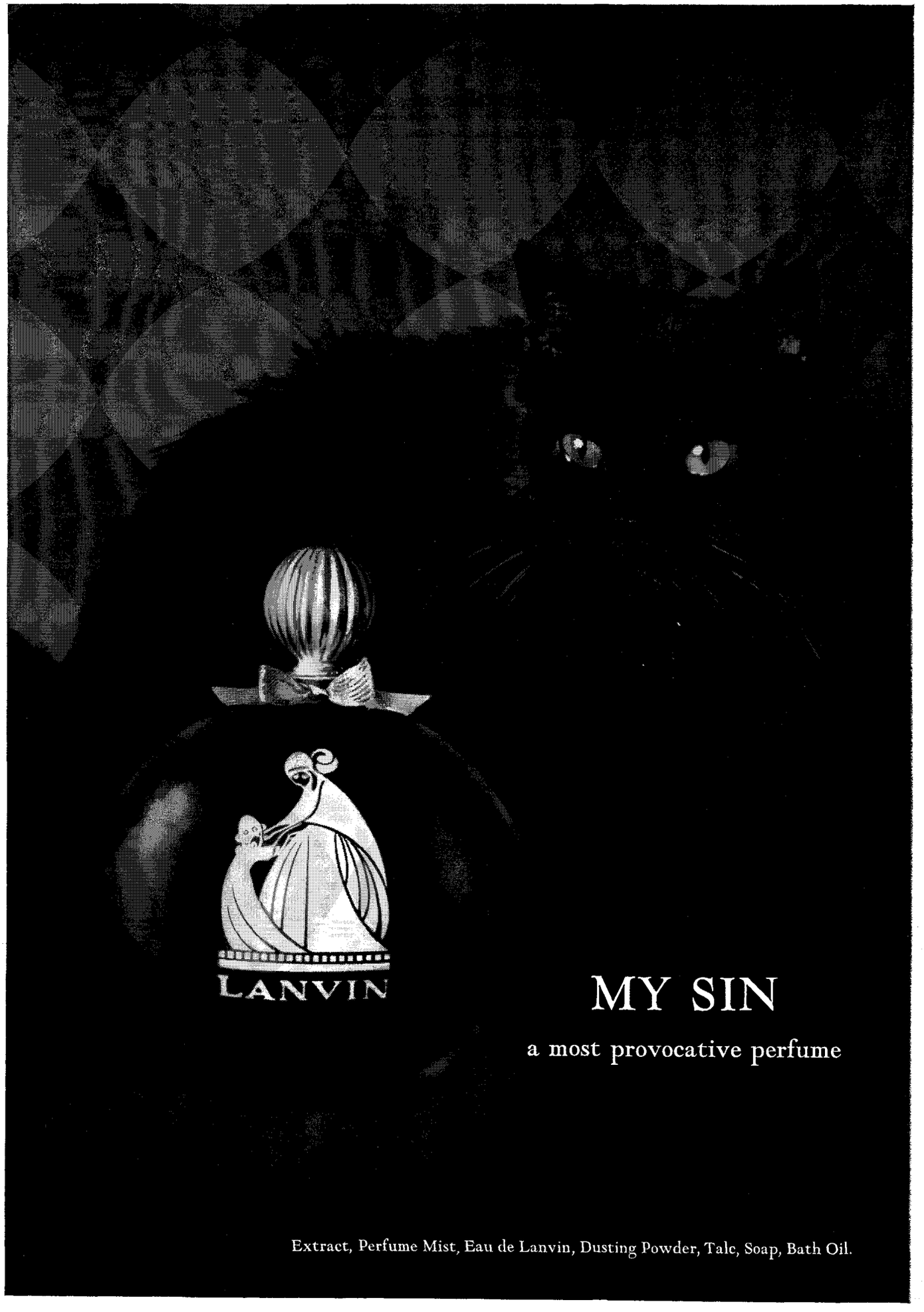

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ALL THE WAY HOME—Tad Mosel's moving adaptation of James Agee's novel "A Death in the Family." Lenka Peterson, Arthur Hill, John Megna, and Tom Wheatley figure in it. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

COME BLOW YOUR HORN—An inconsequential comedy about a man who is dedicated to manufacturing artificial fruit and has great difficulty in getting his two sons to share his interest. Hal March and Joel Grey are the *sons, and Lou Jacobi is the father.* (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A FAR COUNTRY—A play concerned with one of Freud's first attempts at psychoanalysis, in the course of which he cured a young woman of her conviction that her legs were permanently paralyzed. There isn't very much in the way of suspense in this drama by Henry Denker, but the writing is honest and the performances by Kim Stanley, Steven Hill, and Sam Wanamaker, who enact the principal roles, are laudable. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MARY, MARY—The dialogue of this comedy by Jean Kerr is comic, and the characters are vivacious, so the fact that the plot—which has to do with a young couple trying to get together after an estrangement—isn't overly original is not terribly important. Barbara Bel Geddes, Barry Nelson, Michael Wilding, Betsy von Furstenberg, and John Cromwell are all entertaining in it. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

RHINOCEROS—Translated from the French of Eugene Ionesco by Derek Prouse, and directed by Joseph Anthony, this satire about people who would rather sink to the level of swamp animals than risk nonconformity in the modern world is savage and funny, and Zero Mostel, Ralph Meeker, and all the others in the cast are to be highly commended. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

LONG RUNS—A TASTE OF HONEY: Shelagh Delaney has assembled an odd and frowzy lot of characters for her work—a prostitute and her paramour, her lovelorn daughter and *her* paramour, and a homosexual pal of the girl. With Hermione Baddeley and Frances Cuka. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

CAMELOT—Very large, very lovely, but not very stimulating, even though Alan Jay Lerner, Frederick Loewe, and Moss Hart, the "My Fair Lady" triumvirate, all had a hand in it. Richard Burton, Julie Andrews, Roddy McDowall, and Robert Goulet are prominent in King Arthur's court, which, as designed by Oliver Smith, is truly spectacular. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:35.)

CARNIVAL—A musical that has to do with life among a clutch of tent-show performers in southern Europe. Adapted from the movie called "Lili," the play has ingratiating performances by Anna Maria Alberghetti, James Mitchell, Jerry Orbach, Pierre Olaf, and Kaye Ballard, and includes a most diverting

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quartet of puppets manipulated by Mr. Orbach. Bob Merrill did the music and lyrics, Michael Stewart wrote the book, and Gower Champion supervised the whole lively affair. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

DO RE MI—Closed for four weeks; scheduled to reopen at the St. James Theatre, 44th St., W., *on Monday, Aug. 21.*

THE UNSINKABLE MOLLY BROWN—There may be an occasional lag in this rhythmical description of the ascent of a poor girl from the backwoods of Colorado to the glittering social heights of France, but essentially it is most satisfactory entertainment. Tammy Grimes is breezy and unpredictable as the lass, and the score, by Meredith Willson, is as chirky as a summer band concert. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—BYE BYE BIRDIE: Gretchen Wyler and Gene Rayburn in a musical that has to do with rock 'n' roll, adolescence, and springtime. Music by Charles Strouse, lyrics by Lee Adams, and book by Michael Stewart. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **FIORELLO!:** The Little Flower transplanted to the stage and set to words and music by Sheldon Harnick and Jerry Bock. Tom Bosley is Fiorello, and Howard Da Silva is one of the Mayor's intimates. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **IRMA LA DOUCE:** All about a trollop and the company that keeps her. Elizabeth Seal plays the prostitute, and Denis Quilley is cast as her particular boy friend. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MY FAIR LADY:** Shaw's "Pygmalion," turned into a musical by Lerner and Loewe. Michael Allinson and Margot Moser now head the cast. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **THE SOUND OF MUSIC:** A sentimental confection, by Rodgers and Hammerstein, in which Mary Martin becomes the stepmother of seven wide-eyed children of the Trapp family. Theodore Bikel is their papa. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

THE AMERICAN DREAM and **THE DEATH OF BESSIE SMITH**—The target of the first and newest of these one-act plays by Edward Albee is that vast, placid sediment known as the American middle class (middle-aged division), which he demolishes with a comic agility that is not in the least hobbled by the startling bitterness underlying it. The production, directed by Alan Schneider, sustains Albee's quicker-than-the-eye mockery right up to the last word. Unfortunately, the same cannot be said of the second play, a bundle of maledictions about Southern racism, which tends to drown out the majesty of Bessie Smith (who never appears), and is more tract than drama. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-3951. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

THE BALCONY—Life inside a fancy bordello during a revolution, as imagined by Jean Genêt. The perverse fantasies of the customers are presented as sardonic commentaries on a rotten society and whatnot, but the play is more gaudy than persuasive. Directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Wednesdays and Sundays at 8:40; Fridays at 9:30; and Saturdays at 10:30.)

THE BLACKS—More Jean Genêt. This time we are ferried, by means of symbols, rituals, and masks, into a kind of state of mind—the excruciating state of mind that exists between the Negro and the white. The play is too long, but Gene Frankel, despite some excited direction, handles the first-rate all-Negro cast well. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

THE FANTASTICKS—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

41ST STREET THEATRE SUMMER COMEDY FESTIVAL—Denise Darcel in "The Little Hut." (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. BR 9-3631. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, Aug. 6.)

HEDDA GABLER—Anne Meacham concocts a Hedda Gabler who is at once cruel, knifelike, and hypnotically beautiful. Frederick Rolf, as Judge Brack, and Mark Lenard, as Eilert Lövborg, are equally effective. The hand of David Ross, who produced and directed, is everywhere evident. Highly recommended. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. AL 4-7954. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

KING OF THE DARK CHAMBER—An Indian play that incorporates stylized acting with singing, chanting, dancing, and pantomime, all of which is supposed to tell how a king and queen, symbols both, get around their philosophical and spiritual differences and achieve union. Some of the play's brain food gets lost in transit, but there is always something handsome to see and/or hear. The author is Rabindranath Tagore. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3.)

LEAVE IT TO JANE—This musical antique, by Jerome Kern, P. G. Wodehouse, and Guy Bolton, first saw light in 1917, and the in-

	Page
THE CURRENT CINEMA	51
LETTER FROM LONDON	44
LETTER FROM NAGASAKI	52

THE NEW YORKER
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THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y.; R. H. Fleischmann, chairman of the board; S. B. Botsford, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Out of town offices: Chicago, 6 North Michigan Ave.; San Francisco, 155 Montgomery St.; Los Angeles, 2975 Wilshire Blvd.; Atlanta, 1375 Peachtree St., N.E.; London, 21 Grosvenor St. Vol. XXXVII, No. 24, July 29, 1961. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at Greenwich, Conn.

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Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other foreign, $10.00.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tervening years have only added lustre to its appealing idiocy. Dorothy Greener and Kathleen Murray are in the talented cast. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Little Mary Sunshine—A satire on old operettas that is much too amiable to achieve a great deal in the way of parody but is good fun all the same. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Red Eye of Love—A play by Arnold Weinstein, with Jane Romano. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

The Threepenny Opera—Ralph Henry Barbour didn't like it. In the cast are David Atkinson and Marion Brash. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Under Milk Wood—Still another attempt to transpose Dylan Thomas's long poem about the irregulars of Llareggub onto the stage. Not unexpectedly, only about half of Thomas's tropical verbiage comes through the various antics that director William Ball has devised to keep his cast—an exemplary and exuberant one—busy. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays at 7; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Thursdays and Sundays at 3.)

Note—Four characters in search of an author are meanwhile writing their own skits, often as they go along, throughout the casually entertaining potpourri at the Premise, an orderly little coffee-and-pastry shop at 154 Bleecker St. (LF 3-5020). The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 8 and 10:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.

MISCELLANY

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," with Kathleen Widdoes and John Call. Opens Monday, July 31. (Wollman Rink, Central Park. Nightly at 8:30.)

Jones Beach Marine Theatre—"Paradise Island," a Hawaiian musical fantasy by Carmen Lombardo and John Jacob Loeb. Elaine Malbin, together with two young sprouts named Arthur Treacher and William Gaxton, head a cast of two hundred. Presented by Guy Lombardo, who also appears with his Royal Canadians. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—Not very often is it so quiet that you can hear a name drop, and more's the pity, for experts at this brand of gamesmanship are rife. Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra, do the dance music. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Stanley Worth's quartet hums music at cocktails, dinner, and supper every evening in the Café Pierre, a highly social occasion. Renato Rossini's elegant yet ebullient solo guitar takes Sundays off.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Rendez-Vous, which has dowager dignity but a spirit of mischief, too, is where Charles Holden's and Mark Monte's bands dispense prancing music after eight-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The dance band of Milton Saunders rambles along in the Grill most of the evening. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Mount Olympus in an equable state of mind, and full of gods waltzing with fetching young things to the tunes called by Milt Shaw's small band and Walter Kay's trio. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

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30	31	1	2	3	4	5

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The only murmuring in the stately rosewood forest known as the Savoy Room comes from the concise and well-informed piano of Ray Hartley, who begins at cocktails and ends at ten. No music Sundays.

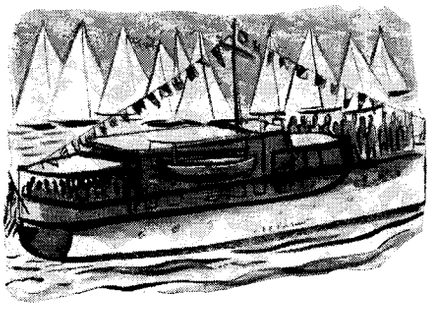
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The major hot-weather undertaking here is the Walldorfkeller, whose theme—part Vienna and part Tyrol—is carried out by an indigenous chef and sommelier. The theme of the third man, the local musician, is of course carried out by a zither, which twangs happily from six-thirty until midnight. No music Sundays.

Note—The Rainbow Room, a watchtower for observers of Manhattan, is the top layer of 30 Rockefeller Plaza, as well as a place where the drifting-and-dreaming music of a trio and a piano is served up from cocktails through dinner, except Sundays. The phone: CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

Little Club, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): A real New York cityscape, made up of people who honestly believe that only one state has yet been admitted to the union. They are accompanied from dinner until a late bedtime by the piano of Marty Berns. Closed Mondays. . . . **Goldie's New York**, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The summer work week is just Mondays through Thursdays, but the cast is still the winter one—Bob Printz, romance in his fingers, running a piano by himself from five-thirty to eight; Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders appearing thereafter as soloists and (following the theatre) as a bang-bang team. . . . **Drake Room**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A suite of practically ambassadorial rank, in which Cy Walter is giving knowledgeable pianoforte recitations between cocktails and one in the morning. Wayne Sanders is the Sunday driver. . . . **Monsignore**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Doing as the Romans do, which involves simultaneous dining, expatiating, and listening with one ear to Herman Honigsberg's wagonload of touring violins and a brace of touring guitarists. Closed Sundays. . . . **In Boboli**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A northern-Italian restaurant that can easily be mistaken for a northern-Italian opera house. From Thursday through Sunday, there's activity by Aldo Bruschi's piano, oboe, concertina, voice, and trio, to which (after ten) there's skirmishing on the dance floor. Tuesday through Saturday evenings, Mr. Bruschi is also impresario and basso profundo of a toy but eager opera company that believes implicitly in Puccini. Closed Mondays. . . . **Château Henri IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Not a castle in Spain, or even in France, but in never-never land. Wandering from pillar to post of the dining hall, Norbert Faconi addresses his you-were-meant-for-me fiddle from dinner through supper every night but Sunday. Mr. F.'s summer holidays begin on Saturday, July 29, and his understudy, Max Ellin, will do the bowing until he returns. . . . **El Chico**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A bunch of Latins whooping it up in the oldest Spanish colony of the New World. Dancing for customers, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **Waverly Lounge**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with musical-comedy tunes, is at the piano after nine in the bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **Café Carlyle**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Rack Godwin, whose piano improvisations fall gracefully on the ears, ends his tour of duty on Saturday, July 29, when this establishment commences its midyear vacation. He begins at eight-thirty and goes through the supper hour. . . . **Roma di Notte**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Home for the night people of the Eternal City and their seven courses for dinner. Among the night people are a round of strolling minstrels, who are augmented, after the theatre, by a couple of *con-amore* singers. Closed Sundays. . . . **Luau 400**, 400 E. 57th St. (EL 5-6555): A Polynesia that's not much more than forty-five minutes from Broadway but is still able to go native in its bill of fare and its music. A set of string men whang away in the main room; Jorge Rios, a singer who accompanies himself on guitar and piano, is also on hand, every night but Sunday, in the bar. . . . **Malmaison**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): To the manner born, and all that. In the bar next to the restaurant, Jules Kuti communes with his piano from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **Left Bank**, 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): The jokes are slyly concealed in the pictures on the wall; the music is Andy Hamon's piano, which he garnishes with a voice well equipped to handle a *chanson d'amour*. His last night is Saturday, July 29; on Monday, July 31, Cal Bostic's prancing piano and voice will resume their career. Closed Sundays.



BIG AND BRASSY

Latin Quarter, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Girls who give their all, including the shirts off their backs, are the principal commodity of the giant shivaree that runs a very full course here. There are touches of vaudeville, too, such as Patti Moore and Ben Lessy, humorists of an old, old school. They'll be succeeded on Wednesday, Aug. 2, by Dorothy Lamour, whose motto is "You can't go wrong with a good sarong." Dancing. . . . **Copacabana**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Hubble-bubble, toil, and night life. In the middle of it are Julius La Rosa, a meet-the-people singer of vast volume, and Bobby Ramsen, a comedian new to this part of the world. They're entwined with a gaggle of delightful young ladies who are on probation at their *école de ballet*. Dancing for the guests, too.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Summer finery in the form of a small revue, done according to the customary wise and witty style of Julius Monk, the ringmaster of these premises. The dramatis personae are two girl scamps (Lovelady Powell and Freddie Weber) and two boy scamps (Jim Sheridan and Bill McCutcheon). There are also Paul Trueblood and Robert Colston, a double-piano set to remember. Closed Sundays. . . . **Bon Soir**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): An assortment of young folk—notably Burke McHugh and Del Hanley—are bravely facing a new revue, "Greenwich Village, U.S.A. 1961," whose words now and again fail it. Along with this, the customers get those time-honored early settlers—Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames, makers of brash music; Jimmie Daniels and his boulevardier songs; plus the interlude piano of Loumel Morgan and the exceptional Don Evans. Closed Mondays. . . . **Showplace**, 146 W. 4th St. (AL 4-5648): Nothing is one half so precious as some of the bits in "The Prickly Pair," another new revue, but then nothing is much funnier than the rest of it. The Prickly Pair are R. G. Brown, a bright and brittle *feuilletoniste*, and a willow tree named Marian Mercer, who does justice to the handsome ballads invented by Baldwin Bergersen, the *chef d'orchestre*, which consists of his piano. Every night but Monday

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

at 11 P.M., and once more, later on, Fridays and Saturdays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Onstage, there are Spanish ladies and Spanish gentlemen indulging in a certain amount of arrant nonsense, as well as other Spanish ladies and Spanish gentlemen indulging in their national pastime—footwork accompanied by if-looks-could-kill glances. Quintero's band is now the dance master. And in the neighborly alcove off the bar, beginning around ten, the flamenco guitar of Juan de la Mata and the flamenco voice of Domingo Alvarado tell a thousand and one tales of the power and the glory of Spanish love life. Sundays, the sole activity in the whole shop is a matinée tea trot. . . . **LIBORIO**, 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): A restaurant that has been noiselessly cooking up Latin-American goodies has now gone supper-club, with a feverish flamenco dancer named Fernanda to prove it. With her go the customary guitar, voice, piano, and handclaps of thunder. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): A newly assembled battalion of American welkin-ringers, rightly known as Eddie Condon's All-Stars, inasmuch as the personnel includes Pee Wee Russell, Ruby Braff, Marshall Brown, and Mr. C., who, after his long sabbatical, makes his banjo sound as healthy as ever. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): With the encouragement of an apt trio, Carmen McRae, a cockatoo of ever so bright plumage, is winding songs around her facile voice. Further music comes from the quintet led by Gene Quill and Phil Woods. Their final stint occurs on Sunday, July 30. On Tuesday, Aug. 1, the Modern Jazz Quartet will be putting on its absorbing mystery plays, and a quintet led by Jim Hall and Jimmy Raney—modern, too, but never occult—will also check in. Afternoon sessions every Sunday from four-thirty to seven. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): One of the two plantations left on a once flourishing thoroughfare. An old Southern cottage industry, sometimes a trifle too artful-and-crafty, is still being carried on here by Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, and Wilber Kirk, to say nothing of Don Frye, the intermission pianist. Mondays, Tony Parenti and Zutty Singleton join Mr. Frye in giving the varsity a little competition. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the circular bar are Don Shirley and his threesome, who are inclined toward a rich, beautiful, and technically brilliant poesy that can even include the Gershwin Concerto in F. Between sets, there's piano by Frances Thompson, new girl in town, and one who knows what she's doing. No action Mondays. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Kenny Davern's Washington Squares, in which Cutty Cutshall, Johnny Windhurst, and Buzzy Drootin are also visible and audible, are the firing squad. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): There's nothing very secret about the weapons employed here, as even passersby quickly discover. The matinées are run by the trios of Tony Parenti and Marty Napoleon; the soirées are run by Gene Krupa's quintet (off Mondays) and Cozy Cole's quintet (off Tuesdays), with the occasional (Mondays, Tuesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays) assistance of Sol Yaged's five-some. The row begins at 3 P.M. Mondays through Fridays, and ends at 3 A.M. On Saturdays and Sundays, it begins at 1:30 P.M. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): The spareribs and the conversation that they induce are more than matched by the quartet of Red Allen, which is good-old-days, and the trio of Peter Nero, which is red-pepper dinner music. Saturday, July 29, is the night they sign off; on Monday, July 31, Louis Metcalf's quartet and Joe Castro's trio arrive. Sundays are assigned to irregular troops; that is, just about anyone with a union card. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The missionaries of progress in their farthest-south settlement. The present ones are the four men (Lee Konitz among them) who make up the Lennie Tristano group, for which Mr. T. deals out intense, abstruse passages on his piano. Closed Mondays. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Art Farmer and Benny Golson are doing their damnedest to restore to their Jazztet the glow and glitter it had in its period of incubation; Olatunji's drummer boys are doing their damnedest to pierce everyone's ears, and not for rings, either. Thursday, Aug. 3, brings a new crew aboard: Maynard Ferguson's hurricane force to lay the place flat, and a quintet run by Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis and Johnny Griffin to put it together again. Mondays, when the regulars are sent to the showers, are guest nights. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): On the stage of this vasty nether world these nights are Ray Bryant's new-era but cheerful trio and Aretha Franklin, a new songbird, not to mention Art Blakey's declamatory quintet (on Friday and Saturday, July 28-29). Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): Ornette Coleman is a hard act to follow, since most of the time his plastic horn is playing variations on an unknown theme. Even Bobby Bradford, his new cornettist, can't keep up with him. The Coleman quartet (off on Tuesdays) shares the stage with Walter Dickerson's quartet (off on Mondays). . . . **JAZZ GALLERY**, 80 St. Marks Pl., west of First Ave. (AL 4-4242): Chico Hamilton's drums are the call to arms here, where his quintet is functioning fervently. Walter Bishop's trio is the rear guard. Closed Mondays. . . . **ROUNDTABLE**, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): Monday, July 31, will be Blue Monday with a vengeance, for Joe Williams' mighty voice will be raised in sorrow. Harry Edison's quintet will give him something to fall back on. Dancing, too. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

CHARLES CAMOIN—Paintings by one of the elder figures of the Paris School; through Aug. 18. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

DRAWINGS AND WATER COLORS—Works from six centuries, ranging from Rubens to Motherwell, lent by Vassar College alumnae and their families. For the benefit of the Agnes Rindge Claflin Purchase Fund for the Vassar Art Gallery. Through Sept. 9. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **A.C.A.**, 63 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Philip Evergood, William Gropper, Nat Werner, and others; through Thursday, Aug. 3. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 19 E. 71st St.: A group of paintings (by Margit Beck, Emma Ehrenreich, Jacob Drachler, and other artists sponsored by the gallery) recently returned from a Brazilian good-will exhibition; through Aug. 11. (Weekdays, 10 to 6; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10:30.). . . **GRAND CENTRAL**, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.: "From Inness to Today" offers paintings by George Bellows, Robert Henri, Robert Brackman, and others; through Tuesday, Aug. 1. . . . ¶ Priscilla Roberts, John Pike, and Vincent Glinsky are three of the participants in the summer showing of paintings and sculptures; through Sept. 1. . . . **KENNEDY**, 13 E. 58th St.: "The Civil War" in paintings, drawings, and prints, by such artists as Eastman Johnson, Adolf Metzner, and Thomas Hovendon; through Aug. 25. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 17 E. 57th St.: A summer group show of paintings and sculptures by (for instance) Henry Koerner, Robert Vickrey and Raimondo Puccinelli; through Aug. 11. . . . **NORDNESS**, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: An exhibit of works in various mediums by contemporary painters and sculptors, including Alfred Blaustein, Karl Zerbe, and Milton Hebald; through Sept. 15. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 10.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **KNAPIK**, 1470 First Ave., at 77th St.: The gallery's introductory show, composed of small paintings, gouaches, and drawings by George L. K. Morris, Miró, and Man Ray, to mention a few; through Aug. 15. (Closed Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 9.) . . . **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: Pierre Courtin, Martin Barre, and Kurt Sonderberg are

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among the artists who have works (mainly paintings) on view; through Friday, July 28. . . . WORLD HOUSE, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Such painters and sculptors as Giacometti, Vieira da Silva, Earl Kerkam, Arp, and Bernard Reder; through Friday, Aug. 4.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit in memory of Electra Havemeyer Webb, containing twenty-six European paintings (by Rembrandt, Manet, Corot, and so on) that she inherited from her parents, the H. O. Havemeyers; through Aug. 20. . . . ¶ More than a hundred paintings, principally by Impressionist and Post-Impressionist artists (including Monet, Cézanne, and Pissarro), on loan from private collections in the New York City area; through Aug. 20. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"America Seen—Between the Wars," forty paintings from the twenties and thirties (by Charles Burchfield, Edward Hopper, Thomas Hart Benton, O. Louis Guglielmi, and others) chosen from the Museum's collection; through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ A survey commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the Italian Futurist movement, with paintings, sculptures, drawings, and collages by, among others, Umberto Boccioni, Carlo Carrà, and Gino Severini; through Sept. 12. A supplementary exhibit of more than a hundred drawings and etchings by Boccioni (1882-1916); through Aug. 6. . . . ¶ "Fifteen Polish Painters;" starting Tuesday, Aug. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Drawings from three centuries (eighteenth to twentieth), from the Museum's collection, by Toulouse-Lautrec, van Gogh, Gabor Peterdi, Chaim Gross, and others; through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A hundred paintings from the collection of G. David Thompson, of Pittsburgh, including works by Miró, Mondrian, Picasso, and Wols; through Aug. 27. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Semi-abstract and figural sculptures (in wood, marble, bronze, and granite), together with graphic art, by Peter Lipman-Wulf; through Aug. 15. . . . ¶ Paintings and sculptures from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Israel London. Some of the artists are de Chirico, Epstein, and Gris. Through Aug. 15. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

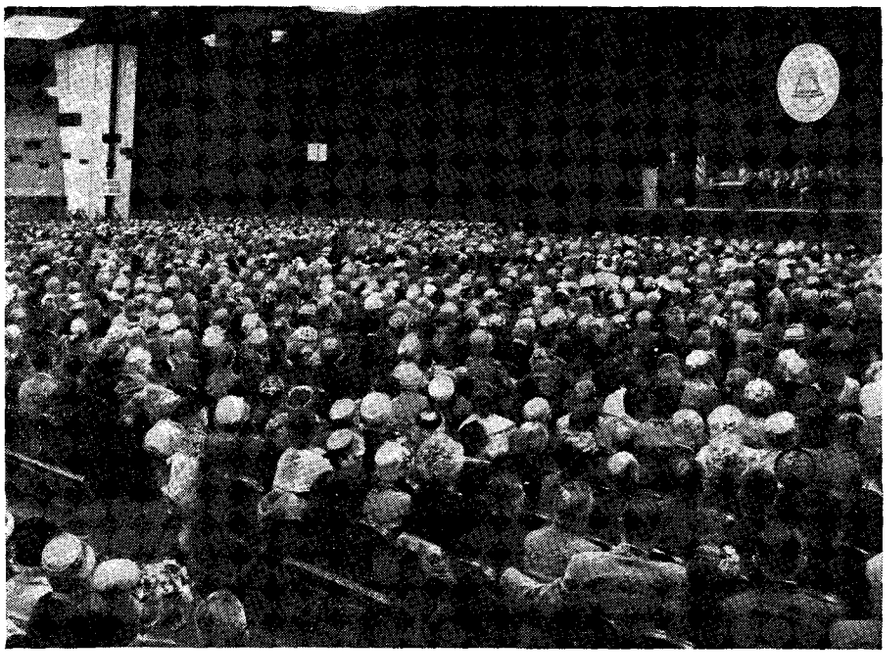
MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Artist-Craftsmen of Western Europe," an exhibit of three hundred objects (stoneware, glassware, wood and metal furniture, enamels, stained-glass windows, mosaics, ceramic sculpture, church vestments, rugs, and the like) from Austria, France, Spain, and other countries; through Sept. 10. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—"The Traditional Arts of Africa's New Nations," a display of sculptures, ivory carvings, ceremonial masks, and ornamental goldwork from more than twenty nations and covering four hundred years; through Sept. 10. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—The permanent collection is the main show just now—no special exhibition at the moment. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—Final performances of the season by the Stadium Symphony Orchestra—Thursday, July 27: Josef Krips conducting an all-Brahms program, with Hans Richter-Haaser, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 29: The Stadium will be given over to a jazz program by Louis Armstrong and his All-Stars, the Stan Getz quartet, and others. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 1: Vladimir Golschmann conducting, with Van Cliburn, piano. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 2: Vladimir Golschmann conducting, with Harold Cone, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 3: Vladimir Golschmann conducting, with José Iturbi, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 5: Salvatore Dell'Isola conducting a Rodgers and Hammerstein program, with Barbara Cook, soprano; Claramae



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Turner, contralto; William Tabbert, tenor; and Jack Russell, baritone. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St. AD 4-5800. Tickets are also available at the Judson Hall box office, 165 W. 57th St., JU 2-4090. Evenings at 8:30. In the event of threatening weather, last-minute plans are broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC and at 7:05 P.M. over WQXR.)

CENTRAL PARK MALL CONCERTS—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Sundays, Mondays except July 31, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8:30; through Friday, Aug. 18.) . . . ¶ Thomas Scherman conducting the Naumburg Symphony Orchestra, with Zvi Zeitlin, violin. (Monday, July 31, at 8:30.)

CARL SCHURZ PARK CONCERTS—Frederique Petrides conducting the Festival Symphony Orchestra in the first in a series of four free weekly concerts. (Thursday, Aug. 3, at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be given in the Robert F. Wagner Junior High School, 222 E. 76th St.)

SALMAGGI OPEN-AIR OPERA—Friday, July 28: "Aida." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 29: "Carmen." (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. Evenings at 8:45. For tickets, call LA 4-3900.)

JAZZ CONCERTS—Thursday, July 27: Horace Parlan and the Playhouse Four. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 3: Dick Wellstood and the Fats Waller Alumni. (Museum of Modern Art Garden, 11 W. 53rd St. CI 5-8900. Evenings at 8:30.)

IN THE COUNTRY

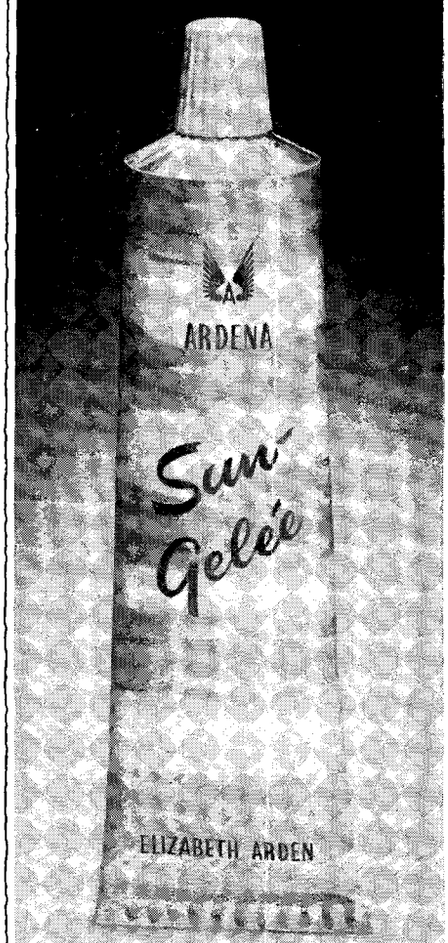
BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Friday, July 28, at 8:30: Charles Munch directing the Boston Symphony (Aaron Copland will conduct two of his own works), with the Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 29, at 8:30: Eugene Ormandy conducting; no soloists. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 30, at 2:30: Charles Munch conducting, with Byron Janis, piano. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 2, at 8:30: An all-Mozart chamber-music concert by the Boston Fine Arts Quartet, with Joseph de Pasquale, viola. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 3, at 8:30: Arthur Fiedler conducting the Boston Pops, with Earl Wild, piano. A benefit for the Berkshire Music Center. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 4, at 8:30: Pierre Monteux conducting the Boston Symphony, with Eugene Istomin, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 5, at 8:30: Charles Munch conducting, with Nicole Henriot-Schweitzer, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 6, at 2:30: Charles Munch conducting, with Joseph de Pasquale, viola. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 20.)

BERKSHIRE MUSIC BARN—Jazz and folk concerts—Saturday, July 29, at 3:30: Richard Dyer-Bennet, folk singer. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 30, at 8:30: Dave Brubeck's quartet. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 5, at 3:30: Carlos Montoya, flamenco-guitarist. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 6, at 8:30: Dizzy Gillespie's band. (Lenox, Mass.)

CASTLE HILL CONCERTS—Friday, July 28: Pete Seeger, folk singer. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 29: Josh White and the Weavers, folk singers. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 4-5: The Kingston Trio, folk singers. (Ipswich, Mass. Evenings at 8:30.)

EMPIRE STATE MUSIC FESTIVAL—Final performances of the season by the Empire State Festival Symphony Orchestra—Thursday, July 27: A staged production of Verdi's opera "La Traviata," conducted by Wilfrid Pelletier and with Eleanor Steber, soprano; Igor Gorin, baritone; and others. . . . ¶ Friday, July 28: Eugene Goossens conducting; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 29: A staged production of Puccini's opera "Madame Butterfly," conducted by Laszlo Halasz and with Camilla Williams, soprano; Rudolf Petrak, tenor; Frank Valentino, baritone; and others. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 30: Another performance of "La Traviata." . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 3: A staged production of Puccini's opera "La Bohème," conducted by D. Marzollo and with Licia Albanese, soprano; Frank Valentino, baritone; William Wildermann and Salvatore Baccaloni, basses; and others. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 4: Another performance of "Madame Butterfly." . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 5: To be announced. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 6: Skitch Henderson conducting a pop concert. (Anthony Wayne Recreation Area, Bear

Don't sun today and repent tomorrow



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Mountain-Harriman State Park. Evenings at 8:30. For tickets, call OX 7-0490.)

Music Mountain—The Berkshire Quartet, with Irma Rogell, harpsichord. (Falls Village, Conn. Sunday, July 30, at 4.)

Silvermine Guild Chamber-Music Concerts—The *Silvermine String Quartet, with Joan* Brainerd, soprano. (New Canaan, Conn. Friday, July 28, at 8:30.)

Note—The Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival is presenting programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 29: Kenneth Johnson, Patricia Klekovic, Orrin Kayan, Donald McKayle and his company, and Carola Goya and Matteo.... ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 1-5: Myra Kinch and her company, with Ted Shawn, and Jean Léon Destiné and his company of Haitian dancers. (Lee, Mass. Evenings at 8:40. Matinées Fridays and Saturdays at 3:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At Yankee Stadium—Yankees vs. Chicago, Thursday, July 27, at 8.... ¶ Yankees vs. Baltimore, Friday, July 28, at 8; Saturday, July 29, at about 2:30 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities will start at 1, and will include a couple of innings between former stars of the Yankees, Giants, and Dodgers, among them Pee Wee Reese, Jackie Robinson, Joe Dugan, and Irish Meusel); and Sunday, July 30, at 2 (doubleheader).... ¶ Yankees vs. Kansas City, Wednesday, Aug. 2, at 1:30 (doubleheader), and Thursday, Aug. 3, at 8.... ¶ Yankees vs. Minnesota Twins, Friday, Aug. 4, at 8, and Saturday, Aug. 5, at 2.

Boxing—Emile Griffith vs. Yama Bahama, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Saturday, July 29. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Horse Show—Sunnyfield Farm Horse Show. (Bedford. Friday through Sunday, July 28-30.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At **Meadow Brook Club**, Jericho.... **Blind Brook Polo Club**, Purchase.

Racing—At **Aqueduct**: Daily at 1:30; through Saturday, July 29. The Man o' War Handicap, Saturday, July 29.... **Saratoga**: Weekdays at 2, from Monday, July 31, through Saturday, Aug. 26. The Flash, Monday, July 31, and the Alabama, Saturday, Aug. 5.... **Monmouth Park**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30; through Saturday, Aug. 5. The Sorority, Saturday, July 29; the Choice, Wednesday, Aug. 2; and the Sapling, Saturday, Aug. 5. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 12:20, and Saturdays at 11:50. Weekdays, a boat leaves Pier 80, W. 40th St., at 11, and is met at Atlantic Highlands by buses for the track.)

Soccer—International Soccer League at the Polo Grounds—Sunday, July 30, at 2:30: Dukla (Czechoslovakia) vs. Shamrock Rovers (Ireland) and Monaco vs. Red Star (Yugoslavia).... ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 2, at 8:45: First game of the two-game American Challenge Cup series, Everton (England) vs. Dukla (Czechoslovakia).

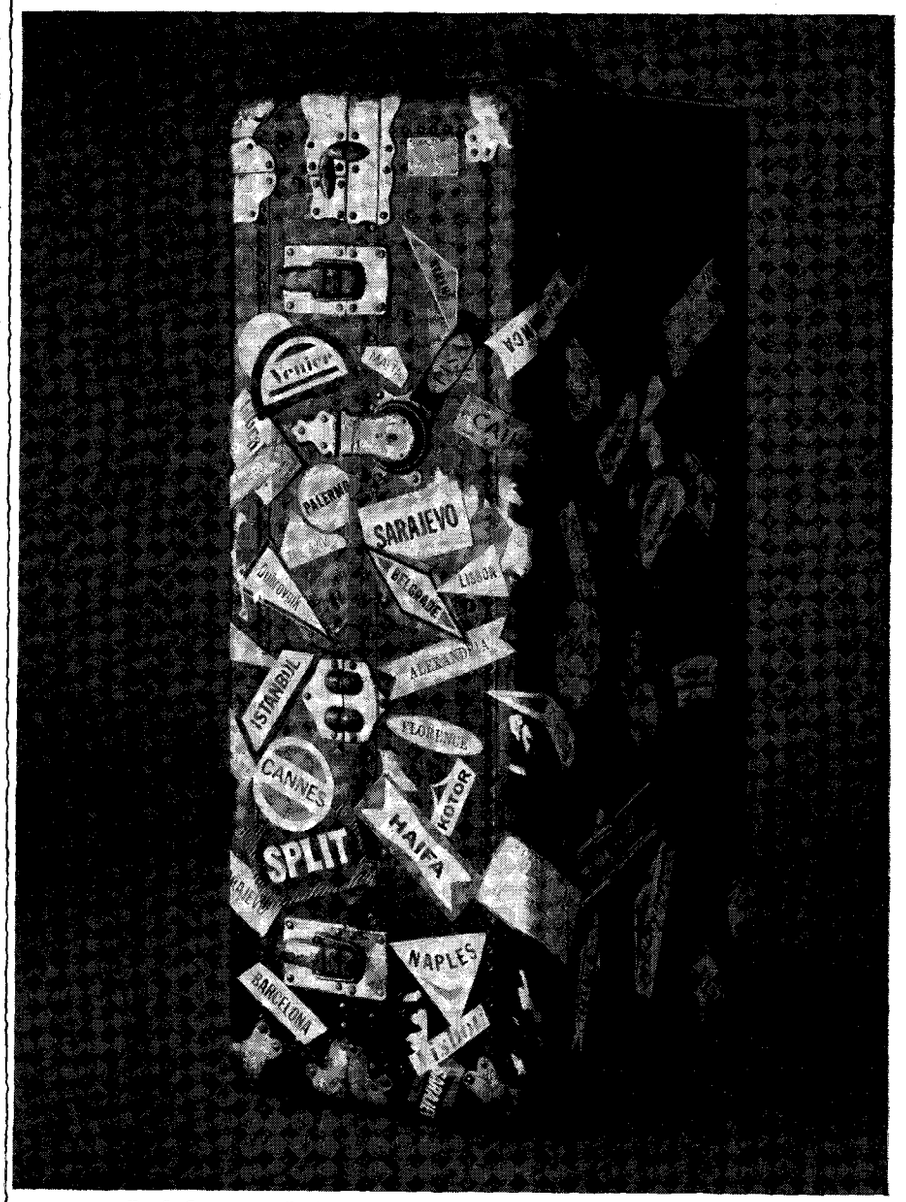
Sports-Car Racing—At Bridgehampton Race Circuit, Bridgehampton, L.I.: Saturday, Aug. 5, at 2:30, and Sunday, Aug. 6, at 2.

Tennis—Men's Invitation Tournament. (Meadow Club, Southampton, L.I. Monday through Sunday, July 31-Aug. 6.)

Trotting—At **Roosevelt Raceway**, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Monday, July 31. (Special trains will leave Penn Station for the track Thursday, Friday, and Monday at 6:51, and Saturday at 6:35 and 7:10.)... **Yonkers Raceway**: Weekdays at 8:25, from Tuesday, Aug. 1, through Thursday, Sept. 28. ... **Saratoga Raceway**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 14.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.



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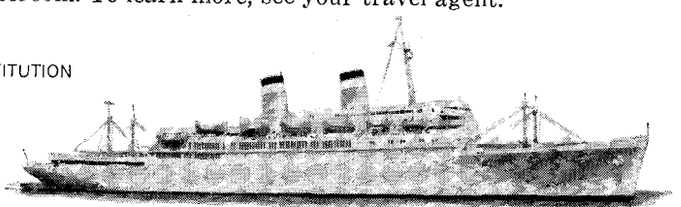

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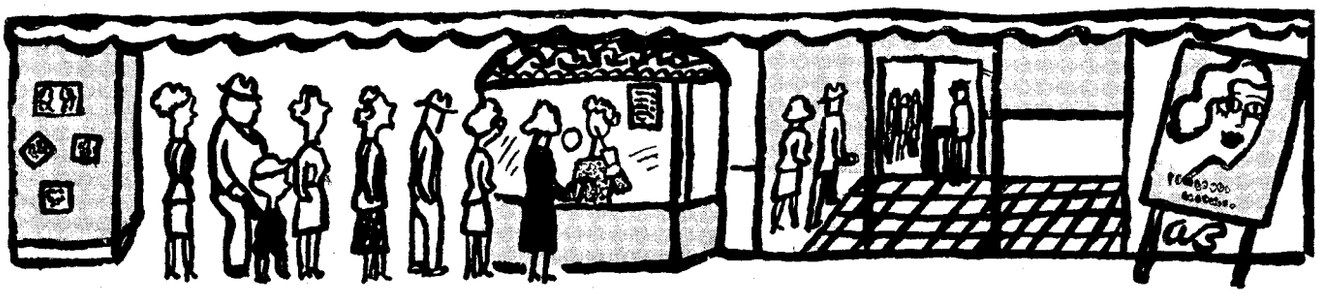
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



BALLAD OF A SOLDIER—The camera is the star of this almost plotless Soviet account of a young soldier's short leave from the front, but what a venturesome, memorable star it is in the hands of director Grigori Chukhrai! The principal actors, Vladimir Ivashov and Shanna Prokhorenko, are so young and so attractive that one willingly forgives the excessive simplicity of their brief love story. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Aug. 2, tentative.)

BEN-HUR—This version of the old war horse offers Charlton Heston as the rich, spiritual, and muscular Mediterranean athlete. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607.)

LA DOLCE VITA—The pleasures and vices of Roman society, as herein revealed, haven't changed much since the days of the Twelve Caesars. The movie also reveals a number of other things, among them that Federico Fellini is a script-writer and director of dazzling imagination, and that Marcello Mastroianni, who has the leading role, is the brightest star to appear here in quite some time. (Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd, BR 9-3970. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily, except Wednesdays, at 2:30; Wednesdays at 2. Extra performances Saturdays at midnight. Reserved seats only.)

EXODUS—Perhaps the only way to face this interminable account of the founding of modern Israel is to take along a light lunch; goodness knows there's little enough in the plot to feed on. Paul Newman, Ralph Richardson, Eva Marie Saint, and Lee J. Cobb head the large cast. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)

FANNY—A big, cheerful, nonsensical movie, taken (though not taken very far) from the musical comedy of a few seasons ago. Maurice Chevalier, Charles Boyer, Leslie Caron, and Horst Buchholz all work as hard as if they were making "War and Peace," and the result is undeniably entertainment. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

FATE OF A MAN—A very strong and often painful account of what befalls an ordinary Russian soldier in the Second World War. Despite its grimness, this picture is not *all* black—it even provides, without trickery, a happy ending—and deserves your attention. It was produced and directed by Sergei Bondarchuk, who plays the lead in masterly fashion. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302. . . . ¶ 55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through July 30.)

GENERAL DELLA ROVERE—Here is a practically flawless picture on a major theme—the making of a brave and honorable man out of what has been a vain, craven, and dishonest one. Vittorio De Sica superbly enacts this remarkable transformation, and Hannes Messemer is nearly as good in a secondary role. The picture was directed by Roberto Rossellini. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; July 27.)

ROCCO AND HIS BROTHERS—The Italian director Luchino Visconti here shows what happens when, in his native Milan, a numerous and impoverished peasant family seeks to rise in the world and finds it easier to sink. A long morality tale, which Mr. Visconti and a wellnigh perfect cast manage to imbue with extraordinary power. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING—In his own adaptation of his novel about a defiant young factory worker in a British provincial city, Alan Sillitoe has provided the actors with some of the most pungent dialogue to be heard in any movie in years. Albert Finney, in the lead, is a delightful embodiment of the Bronx cheer. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

SECRETS OF WOMEN—It has been some nine years since Ingmar Bergman wrote and directed this comic study of the horrors and rewards of married life, but time has only added to its charm. Husbands and wives wound each other with deplorable gusto, but all comes nearly right in the end, and Bergman proves surprisingly adept at slapstick. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

THE TRUTH—A brilliant study of the young folk of Paris, some beatnik, some not. Henri-Georges Clouzot, who made "The Wages of Fear" and "Diabolique," has directed the picture in a firm, classical style, and has won from Brigitte Bardot an unexpected and stunning performance as a wanton murderess. Also admirable are Charles Vanel, Paul Meurisse, and Sami Frey. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; and Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

TUNES OF GLORY—Bagpipes, kilts, and gallons of Scotch whiskey are the stage props behind one of the great performances of the year, in which Sir Alec Guinness brings all his skill and intelligence to the part of a Scottish regimental colonel battling for his selfish life. John Mills is his formidable but luckless adversary, and Dennis Price, Kay Walsh, and Gordon Jackson are notable members of an entirely satisfactory cast. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Aug. 1, tentative. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through Aug. 2.)

TWO-WAY STRETCH—A profoundly unserious study of British penology and the wicked ways of unrepentant jewel thieves, conducted by the eminent sociologist Mr. Peter Sellers. Wilfrid Hyde White, David Lodge, and Bernard Cribbins assist in the farcical seminar, and the resultant laughter is weightless and almost non-stop. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting Aug. 2.)

TWO WOMEN—The director is Vittorio De Sica. The stars are Sophia Loren, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Eleanora Brown. The language is Italian. The story (from a novel by Alberto Moravia) is about a woman who takes her young daughter to a mountain village in order to escape the bombing of Rome, and starts back home too soon. The result of the combination is a lovely movie that is also, in an odd sort of way, a heartening one. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

REVIVALS

APARAJITO (1959)—A sequel to the Indian film "Pather Panchali," accompanying the family through further trials and misadventures. Directed by Satyajit Ray. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

THE BLUE ANGEL (1930)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. A German film. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; July 28-29.)

THE CRANES ARE FLYING (1960)—A Russian picture dealing with a family caught up in the horrors of the Second World War. With Tatyana Samoilova. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; July 28-31.)

DAMN YANKEES (1958)—A musical having to do with a man who sells his soul to the Devil for a guarantee that the Washington Senators will beat the Yankees to a pennant. With Gwen Verdon and Ray Walston. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; July 27.)

FASCINATION (1957)—A romp in the Paris Ritz, with Gary Cooper, Audrey Hepburn, and Maurice Chevalier. Formerly called "Love in the Afternoon." (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Aug. 2.)

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT (1940)—A Hitchcock war melodrama. Joel McCrea, Albert Basserman, and Robert Benchley. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting Aug. 1.)

THE FORGOTTEN VILLAGE (1941)—John Steinbeck's semi-documentary about a Mexican hamlet. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 28.)

GONE WITH THE WIND (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070.)

THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN (1956)—A kind of Oriental Western, directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 31.)

THE MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT (1952)—Alec Guinness as the inventor of a fabulous fabric. An English film, with Cecil Parker and Joan Greenwood. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Aug. 2, tentative.)

MARTIN LUTHER (1953)—Niall Mac Ginnis plays the monk from Wittenberg. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 1.)

PATHER PANCHALI (1958)—An Indian film, made on location, that describes most poignantly the way a village family lives. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

THE SPANISH EARTH (1937)—The Ivens-Hemingway picture about war around Madrid. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 28.)

STAGECOACH (1939)—Old-school Western. Claire Trevor and John Wayne. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting Aug. 1.)

STRANGERS ON A TRAIN (1951)—A Hitchcock picture that deals with everything from tennis to schizophrenia. With Farley Granger and Robert Walker. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 2.)

A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE (1951)—Tennessee Williams' story of a dishevelled family. With Vivien Leigh and Marlon Brando. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Aug. 2. On Monday, July 31, only, the last showing will begin at 2.)

UMBERTO D. (1955)—Vittorio De Sica's sad account of the twilight of an aged government pensioner. *In Italian.* (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 31.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Through July 30: "Othello" (1955), with Micheál MacLiammóir, one in a series of films called "The Cinema of Orson Welles." (Showings at 3 and 5:30, and Thursday evening at 8. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1. The theatre will be closed July 31-Aug. 5.)

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THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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30	31	1	2			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Goodbye Again," Ingrid Bergman, Yves Montand.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"By Love Possessed," Lana Turner, Jason Robards, Jr.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"The Guns of Navarone," Gregory Peck, David Niven.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Spartacus," Kirk Douglas, Laurence Olivier.

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
THE TRUTH.

HENRY MILLER, 124 W. 43rd. (BR 9-3970)
LA DOLCE VITA (in Italian).

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
FANNY.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"A Cold Wind in August," Lola Albright, Scott Marlowe.

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"Tammy, Tell Me True," Sandra Dee, John Gavin.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea," Walter Pidgeon, Joan Fontaine.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
From July 27, at 8:30: "Francis of Assisi," Bradford Dillman, Dolores Hart. (Opening night is a benefit performance.)

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
GONE WITH THE WIND, revival.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Naked Edge," Gary Cooper, Deborah Kerr.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
EXODUS.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Aug. 2 (tentative): BALLAD OF A SOLDIER (in Russian).

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Aug. 1: "Homicidal," Glenn Corbett, Patricia Breslin; and "Queen of the Pirates," Gianna Maria Canale.
From Aug. 2: "Snow White and the Three Stooges," Carol Heiss; and "The Fiercest Heart," Stuart Whitmen, Juliet Prowse.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Aug. 1 (tentative): TUNES OF GLORY.
From Aug. 2 (tentative): "The Pleasure of His Company," Fred Astaire, Debbie Reynolds.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"The Guns of Navarone," Gregory Peck, David Niven.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"A Cold Wind in August," Lola Albright, Scott Marlowe.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
TWO WOMEN (in Italian).

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through July 29: "Homicidal," Glenn Corbett, Patricia Breslin; and "Queen of the Pirates," Gianna Maria Canale.
July 30-Aug. 1: "Two Rode Together," James Stewart, Richard Widmark; and "Hand in Hand," John Gregson, Sybil Thorndike.
From Aug. 2: "Snow White and the Three Stooges," Carol Heiss; and "The Fiercest Heart," Stuart Whitmen, Juliet Prowse.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"Goodbye Again," Ingrid Bergman, Yves Montand.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Never on Sunday" (in Greek and English), Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
ROCCO AND HIS BROTHERS (in Italian).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
FATE OF A MAN (in Russian).

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Aug. 1 (tentative): "The Pleasure of His Company," Fred Astaire, Debbie Reynolds.
From Aug. 2: To be announced.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Naked Edge," Gary Cooper, Deborah Kerr.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Aug. 1: "Homicidal," Glenn Corbett, Patricia Breslin; and "Queen of the Pirates," Gianna Maria Canale.
From Aug. 2: "Snow White and the Three Stooges," Carol Heiss; and "The Fiercest Heart," Stuart Whitmen, Juliet Prowse.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
BEN-HUR.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
July 27: DAMN YANKEES, revival; and "Psycho," revival, Anthony Perkins, Vera Miles.
July 28-31: THE CRANES ARE FLYING (in Russian), revival; and "Rashomon" (in Japanese), revival.
From Aug. 1: STAGECOACH, revival; and FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT, revival.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
July 27: GENERAL DELLA ROVERE (in Italian); and "Make Mine Mink," Terry-Thomas, Athene Seyler.
July 28-29: THE BLUE ANGEL (in German), revival; and "Dirty Hands" (in French), revival, Daniel Gelin.
July 30-Aug. 1: "The Pleasure of His Company," Fred Astaire, Debbie Reynolds; and "A Breath of Scandal," Sophia Loren, Maurice Chevalier.
From Aug. 2: TWO-WAY STRETCH; and "The Tailor's Maid" (in Italian), revival, Vittorio De Sica.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Aug. 1 (tentative): "The Bridge" (in German).
From Aug. 2 (tentative): THE MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT, revival; and "Kind Hearts and Coronets," revival, Alec Guinness, Valerie Hobson.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
SECRETS OF WOMEN (in Swedish).

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Aug. 1: "Two Rode Together," James Stewart, Richard Widmark; and "Hand in Hand," John Gregson, Sybil Thorndike.
From Aug. 2: "Atlantis, the Lost Continent," Anthony Hall, Joyce Taylor; and "Two Loves," Shirley MacLaine, Laurence Harvey.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Aug. 2: TUNES OF GLORY.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Romanoff and Juliet," Peter Ustinov, Sandra Dee.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through July 30: FATE OF A MAN (in Russian).
From July 31: "The Joker" (in French), Anouk Aimée, Jean-Pierre Cassel.

TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Misty," David Ladd, Arthur O'Connell.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"Leda" (in French), Madeleine Robinson, Jean-Paul Belmondo.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
APARAJITO, PATHER PANCHALI, and "The World of Apu" (all in Bengali and all revivals).

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
THE TRUTH (in French).

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Aug. 1: "Two Rode Together," James Stewart, Richard Widmark; and "Hand in Hand," John Gregson, Sybil Thorndike.
From Aug. 2: "Atlantis, the Lost Continent," Anthony Hall, Joyce Taylor; and "Two Loves," Shirley MacLaine, Laurence Harvey.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Aug. 2: A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE, revival; and "The Lovers" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau. (On Monday, July 31, *only*, the last *showing will begin at 2.* At 7 and 9:30, there will be showings of "Prix de Beauté" (silent), Louise Brooks; and "Saturday Afternoon" (silent), Harry Langdon.)

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Aug. 1: "Homicidal," Glenn Corbett, Patricia Breslin; and "Queen of the Pirates," Gianna Maria Canale.
From Aug. 2: FASCINATION (formerly called "Love in the Afternoon"), revival; and "Friendly Persuasion," revival, Gary Cooper, Dorothy McGuire.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
July 27: "Tomorrow Is Too Late" (in Italian), revival, Pier Angeli, Vittorio De Sica; and "The Forty-First" (in Russian), revival, Izolda Izvitskaya.
July 28: THE SPANISH EARTH, revival; and THE FORGOTTEN VILLAGE, revival.
July 29: "The Strange Ones" (in French), revival, a Jean Cocteau film; and "Blind Desire" (in French), revival, Edwige Feuillère, Jean-Louis Barrault.
July 30: "Eugene Onegin" and "Sadko" (both in Russian and both revivals).
July 31: UMBERTO D. (in Italian), revival; and THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN (in Japanese), revival.
Aug. 1: MARTIN LUTHER, revival; and "The Path of Hope" (in Italian), revival, Raf Vallone, Elena Varzi.
Aug. 2: STRANGERS ON A TRAIN, revival; and "Back to the Wall" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau.

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Aug. 1: "Parrish," Troy Donahue, Claudette Colbert; and "Carry On Sergeant," revival, William Hartnell, Dora Bryan.
From Aug. 2: "Snow White and the Three Stooges," Carol Heiss; and "The Fiercest Heart," Stuart Whitmen, Juliet Prowse.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Aug. 2: TUNES OF GLORY.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through Aug. 1: "Two Rode Together," James Stewart, Richard Widmark; and "Hand in Hand," John Gregson, Sybil Thorndike.
From Aug. 2: "Atlantis, the Lost Continent," Anthony Hall, Joyce Taylor; and "Two Loves," Shirley MacLaine, Laurence Harvey.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through Aug. 1: "Homicidal," Glenn Corbett, Patricia Breslin; and "Queen of the Pirates," Gianna Maria Canale.
From Aug. 2: "Snow White and the Three Stooges," Carol Heiss; and "The Fiercest Heart," Stuart Whitmen, Juliet Prowse.

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

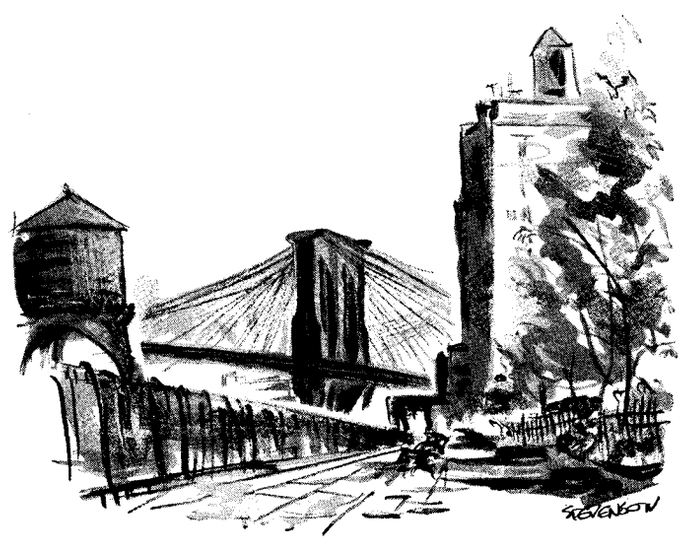
Notes and Comment

OUR old friend the long-winded lady has recently written us as follows:

"I have just seen the worst-mannered dog in New York City, and possibly in the world. Her name is Tiny, and her mistress is blind, and from now on, whenever I see one of those gentle Seeing Eye dogs that sit and lie for hours on end on the hot midsummer sidewalks up and down Fifth Avenue and on the side streets off the Avenue, attending while their blind masters collect money for one purpose or another, I will think of Tiny and wish that she would take a moment to contemplate her colleagues and maybe learn a little about the source from which they draw the fortitude that saves their dignity in the face of acute discomfort and acute boredom.

"I saw Tiny in the waiting room of the Ellin Prince Speyer Hospital for Animals, which is quite far downtown. I had to take a little cat there for treatment, and while I was waiting my turn to see the doctor, Tiny and her blind mistress came plunging into the room, accompanied by an old lady whose only function, as far as I could make out, was to repeat Tiny's name over and over again, in tones of reproach, admiration, and awe, so that we would all know who it was that we were looking at. Tiny's mistress, who was holding on to the harness with both hands, was very old indeed, and her temper was almost as bad as her dog's. Every time the companion tried to touch her elbow to guide her out of the laps of the people waiting on the benches, the old blind lady gave the companion a violent push, and it was at these moments that the companion would wail 'Tiny, Tiny,' and it is possible that she was not speaking to the dog we were all being forced to look at at all but was recalling some nicer, smaller, thinner, more polite dog, who had perhaps been the current Tiny's predecessor in the fierce affections of the old blind lady. It was not hard to see that, according to her mistress, the dog we were all pulling our legs and animals out of the way of could do no wrong. Tiny had 'favorite' written all over her, and she looked as though she lived on chocolate creams. She was big and fat and curly, with a pointed nose and mean little eyes, and her bark was shocking. In the waiting room at Speyer, they have long benches where people sit, and when the benches are filled up, the latecomers stand. The benches were filled up that day, but several people got up to make room for this noisy trio, headed by Tiny, who continued to strain frantically at her harness even after the old ladies were seated. Tiny wanted to get out of the place. Apparently—the blind old lady began to talk after she had sat down—Tiny often visits the Speyer Hospital. She goes there to be weighed. They have her on a diet, and I suppose she associates these visits with fewer treats and smaller portions of food. All the other animals were scandalized by her bad manners. The other dogs—poodles and a collie and a beautiful Afghan—all kept looking down in embarrassment and looking away, and one small furry young dog just stared at her in astonishment. The cats, in their baskets, were as silent as they were invisible, but their contempt was in the air. One of the men who had surrendered his place on the bench was carrying a tiny monkey wrapped in a shawl, and the monkey seemed to be deliberately averting his damp, wistful eyes from the sight of the hysterical Tiny. The monkey was distressed to see a creature so full of ill will and bad temper. Everyone was distressed and silent to see a grown dog in a tantrum, and the room was terribly hot and crowded. Tiny and the two old ladies were ushered into the doctor's office as quickly as possible, and we were all glad to see them go. Soon we heard Tiny's voice again, making new dreadful sounds, which probably indicated she was being weighed.

"Shortly afterward, I took my little cat in, to another of the offices, and I had to leave her there for treatment, and so walked out of the office alone. Outside the door of the waiting room at Speyer there is a forbidding-looking flight of stone steps—quite steep, wide steps—that leads down to the street doors. Side rails are there for people who might be afraid of slipping or tripping and falling all the way down to the bottom. As I left the waiting room, Tiny and her convoy hurtled out behind me, the companion crying 'Tiny, Tiny' and the old blind lady keeping her lips pressed tightly together, as seemed to be her habit when under way. Tiny made a murderous dash for the top of the steps and got her old mistress right to the edge, where she



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stood holding on to the harness with one hand and with the other hand feeling around for something that would guide her down the steps. But Tiny was pulling her away from the rail. The old lady was going to lose her balance, and then she would fall, and she would certainly be battered to death as Tiny dragged her down to the street. I grabbed a side rail with one hand, and with the other hand I grabbed the old lady's arm, hoping very much that I would not be dragged to destruction along with her. Little did I know, fool that I was. That old lady was as strong as an ox, and the next thing that happened, without even turning her beautiful snowy head in my direction she sent me spinning over to the rail with such force that if it had been a knife I would have been cut in half, or, rather, into a third and two thirds, for I am a short person.

"There is little left to tell. I skidded down the steps, holding on to the rail, and hurried out onto the street just in time to avoid being trampled under by that trio. I was lucky enough to find a taxi at once, and as I sailed away uptown, collecting myself, I caught a final glimpse of the three of them, trotting happily along, Tiny carrying her head up and wearing an air of genuine virtue and the two old ladies chatting amiably. Going home to tea and cake, I suppose. I could not help wondering, they made such an angelically serene picture walking together on a summer afternoon, What if they had knocked me down and left me crushed at the foot of those steps; who would have had the heart to tell them what they had done? Would anyone have wanted to run after them and capture them and accuse them? I cannot believe it. Nobody would have wanted to spoil their contentment with themselves and with each other. Nobody would be so cruel, and things are not always what they seem."

In a Pasture

SO varied and numerous are the wonders that lie scattered in and about this city for our instruction and delight that we sometimes despair of keeping abreast of them. The latest wonder to which we've addressed ourself is a deliberate contradiction in both time and geography, being a brand-new seventeenth-century Oriental garden on a thoroughly Occidental hilltop in North Salem, in upper Westchester. The garden is part of the Hammond Museum and Historical Research Center, and is open to the public from two to six daily, except Mondays and Tuesdays, for an admission charge of a dollar-fifty for adults and seventy-five cents for children, which includes tea. The Museum, which will contain galleries exhibiting specimens of a hundred and thirty categories of fine arts and artifacts from vanished periods of American, European, and Oriental history, as well as an auditorium for lectures, documentary films, dramatic presentations, and the like, won't be built for another year or so, at the earliest, but the Historical Research Center is already up—a nineteen-room concrete-block version of an early-Georgian manor house, which boasts a seventy-thousand-volume art-and-reference library and is occupied by the founder of the Museum and Center, Miss Natalie Hays Hammond, and her cousin and principal aide, Mrs. Elizabeth Hammond Taylor.

The Center is open to the public by invitation only, and will continue under this arrangement until, in Miss Hammond's words, "my cousin and I have the grace to die"—a notion that these vivacious ladies are far from entertaining, as we can testify, after an afternoon in their company. Miss Hammond, who is fifty-seven, has a pleasantly sunburned face, tousled brownish hair, and an easygoing manner; she is a daughter of John Hays Hammond—the discoverer and developer, with Cecil Rhodes, of King Solomon's Mines—and a sister of the inventor John Hays Hammond, Jr., and she has made a name for herself as a miniaturist, a Broadway set-and-costume designer, a night-club decorator, an artist in needlepoint, and a special constable of Gloucester, Massachusetts. On the day of our visit, she was dressed in a denim coolie jacket and blue slacks, and was ardently attacking a pile of stones in the Oriental garden. "I've been truing up the vertical rocks that symbolize cliffs in our dry waterfall," she told us. "Oriental gardens are very strong on symbolism, and so am I. Do you see that clearing over there? The shrubs in it symbolize the five attributes of Buddha—courtesy, wisdom, humanity, justice, and fidelity." Miss Hammond nodded toward a small reflecting pond, on whose still surface floated a Chinese river boat and in whose depths glittered schools of golden carp, and then led us on a practically breakneck tour of the Center, where we made the acquaintance of such diverse objects of beauty as Russian icons; seventeenth-century still-lifes, landscapes, and portraits; a small statue by Maillol; the last known portrait of Mary Stuart; and, on a sofa in a cozy salon, a dachshund named Anne, convalescing from the extraction of a tooth.

Mrs. Taylor arrived in the salon with a tray of Finnish toast, jam, and iced coffee, and as we feasted, Miss Hammond explained what had prompted her to create the Museum and Center. "I've always wondered what it felt like to live in other times and places," she said. "What the ordinary sounds of the day were, and all that. My father was extremely imaginative, and he taught me how to make almost any sort of travel as exciting as travel had been for him and Cecil Rhodes the famous time they walked north through Africa, asking the tribeswomen along the way where their solid-gold necklets had come from, and eventually stumbled on Phoenician tiles and other artifacts abandoned about the mouths of deep-level mines—King Solomon's Mines, which had been lost to history for almost three thousand years. In my travels, I've always collected things that I thought went together in a way that made it possible to imagine what it had been like to be alive in the time and place from which they came. About twenty-five years ago, I began to think about how to show them. What's the use of having a collection if people can't see it? But to start a museum in New York nowadays is a pretty big undertaking, and Mrs. Taylor and I decided that by far the best solution to the problem would be a country museum. Having decided that, it was just a question of our finding the right spot, and in 1956 we discovered these seventeen acres of pasture and woods, and started building. You wouldn't expect a Chinese river boat to look at home on a Westchester hilltop, but I hope it does."

Communication

A WOMAN we know, who is vacationing on the Virginia shore, reports a brush with adventure. While strolling on a beach one sunny morning, she noticed two sealed 7-Up bottles bobbing in the surf. They both seemed to contain messages, but, not wanting curiosity to ruin her Bermuda shorts, she retrieved only the nearer, knee-deep bottle, allowing the other to continue its seaward journey. Breathlessly, she pried the cap off, and discovered the following dispatch: "MY SIS-

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"You brought up the subject of Berlin. I was just sitting here perfectly happy!"

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TER SENDED A NOTE THAT WASN'T TRUE."

Once Upon a Mattress

SEALY, INC., a Chicago mattress firm devoted to giving us nights full of sweet dreams and health and quiet breathing, had a blowout the other morning at the studio of Hans Van Nes, the photographer, on East Ninetieth Street, to introduce its latest creation, the Princess Posturepedic, which, according to the company's beaters, "lulls you to sleep with a new lullaby touch." As part of the do, which was held on the second floor of the Van Nes establishment, a decorator whose professional name is Emily Malino had mocked up something called Sealy's Idea Room, combining the mattress ticking with du Pont fibres and Amtico floor tiling. When we arrived, Miss Malino was standing in front of her make-believe bedroom and explaining that it was done in various shades of pink, willow green, white opal, and lavender, as indeed it was. There were about fifty mattress enthusiasts on hand, most of them female and all of them seated on folding chairs. In the rear of the place we spotted a loose Princess, and at once sank down upon it and began to feel lulled. Miss Malino, pretty and vivacious, after pointing out that bedrooms are all too often neglected in favor of living rooms, playrooms, and patios, moved to a table to the left of her bedroom, at which were assembled Mimi Benzell, the opera singer; Nelson N. Foote, Ph.D., a social psychologist from the General Electric Company; Bernard Jacobs, M.D., of the Hospital for Special Surgery; and James G. Hart, a big idea man with Sealy.

Mr. Hart said that Sealy had tried to meet the challenge of making a mattress that would be firm and yet luxurious, and Miss Benzell announced that she had nothing but Sealy mattresses in her house. "Even in hotels, I lift up the sheets to make sure I have a Sealy," she remarked. (No Sealy, and she doesn't unpack, we assume.) Mr. Hart beamed at her appreciatively, and Miss Malino got into the discussion with the observation that bedrooms are becoming small-

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"And I used to think those guys on the School Board were a bunch of squares!"

• •

er all the time, and hence beds are being reduced in height. Dr. Jacobs immediately came out against low beds. "Back pain is increasing because of low beds," he said. "Grandmother didn't have an aching back, because she was supported by tight corsets and didn't have to squat to get into her bed. Another cause of backache is the low-slung automobile."

A lady in the audience interrupted the discussion to remark that she has been conducting a five-year campaign to introduce a self-making bed in the United States.

"I think the self-making bed might be a mistake," said Miss Malino. "As the mother of four children, I find that bedmaking is rewarding and not a bothersome chore, like dishwashing."

A Sealy operative who was lurking near our post on the Princess broke in to say that the company had conducted a survey in depth to determine what people really think about mattresses, and had learned that mattress and Mother are usually associated.

"There is a certain traditional feeling about the bedroom, and it is perhaps ill-advised to change even the old blue-and-white pattern of the ticking," said Mr. Hart.

Dr. Foote said he is in favor of making the bedroom a kind of retreat, where one can think long thoughts about life and its meaning.

Miss Malino, who is plainly a low-bed partisan, said that she had been to Japan not long ago and had been impressed by the economical use of space in Nipponese houses.

Dr. Jacobs would have none of this, and declared that the Japanese are as subject to sacroiliac disorders as the small-car people.

Mr. Hart then wanted to know if Europeans use sheets.

This shocked the others on the panel, and Miss Benzell, with some asperity, informed him that Europeans had been using sheets before America was discovered.

"A German told me that sheets aren't used in Europe," said Mr. Hart defensively. "Anyhow, it is my conviction that something like the Murphy bed should be employed to beat the bedroom-space challenge."

"Actually, the Murphy bed, which folds back into the wall, occupies less space than a closet," Miss Malino said.

"What about backaches from lifting the thing?" said the self-making-bed lady.

"All to be solved by electronics," replied Miss Benzell.

"On a crib mattress, a baby gets twenty-seven inches; in a normal double bed, two adults get fifty-four inches—the same space," said Mr. Hart.

Everybody became a little claustrophobic at this point, and a Sealy representative, who was obviously a man of consequence, bounced into view to advise one and all that the panel had finished its work, and that now was the time to have some pink champagne and a box lunch. We decided to forgo this spread, and headed for the exit, only to meet up with an elderly lady who seemed rather distraught. "If you have an eight-foot ceiling and a high bed," she said, "how do you get in without bumping your head?" She had us there.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: An antique shop on the Via Bugatti Gaspare, in Milan, is named Old America.

Mayor on Broadway

AS the late Mayor Fiorello H. LaGuardia would have said, this year's municipal election campaign promises to be a "beaut," and in due course we may take note of the various candidates, but in the meantime we've had a talk with Tom Bosley, who plays LaGuardia in the Broadway musical hit "Fiorello!" We had been informed that Mr. Bosley had not missed a single performance since the show opened in New Haven, in the fall of 1959—it arrived in New York on November 23rd—and that he was now past the seven-hundred mark. We had seen him twice before, but after watching him go through his paces for the third time we concluded that he looks and sounds more like LaGuardia than ever.

Making our way backstage through a matinée crowd at the Broadway Theatre, we found Mr. Bosley, a chunky man about five inches taller than LaGuardia but with the same sort of square and slightly scowling face, shaving. He waved us to a chair in his dressing room and immediately informed us that he still gets a big kick

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out of playing the role, despite his long tenure in it. "I never dreamed it was possible in this day and age for an obscure actor like myself to walk into a part as big as this, and I guess that's one reason I feel a certain responsibility for sticking with it and not taking a vacation," he said. "A few months ago, I strained a back muscle when I threw my hands up too suddenly making a LaGuardia-like gesture at the end of the second act, and about the same time I hurt my left hand making an exit, and had to take cortisone shots, but I managed to hang on. I've had two standbys—first Harvey Lembeck, and now Sorrell Booke—but I hope to finish the run without interruption. I think LaGuardia would have approved."

We asked Mr. Bosley to tell us how he was selected for his role.

"It all really happened by accident," he said. "I suppose you might call it the accident of physical resemblance. I had been in and out of New York for about eleven years, doing some off-Broadway work and some television, but basically discovering how hard it is to get a start in the theatre. From time to time, I was reduced to such odd jobs as checking hats and coats at Lindy's, and being a doorman at the Tavern-on-the-Green, in Central Park. When George Abbott started casting 'Fiorello!,' various agents kept promising me a reading. The Abbott staff was having trouble finding someone for the part—about two hundred had been considered, including Eli Wallach and Mickey Rooney—and finally one of the agents called the Abbott office. Bobby Griffith, who died last month, later told me that he had just been paging through the *Players' Guide* and had come to my picture when the phone rang. He answered it with his finger on my face to mark his place, and when the agent asked him if he knew a fellow named Tom Bosley, Griffith figured it was an omen. They had me up there three times for auditions, but I thought I was being tested to be a standby. When I finally got the job, Mr. Abbott put me through what is known as hell. I had been forewarned to do exactly as he said, and this stripped me of any identity. I had trouble concentrating on his directions—I guess I just wasn't listening—and I'd go home not knowing who I was and only hoping he wouldn't pick on me so much, but then the next day I'd somehow begin responding to what he had said the day before. I was always a day behind, he afterward told me. What he kept stressing at first was energy, which, of course, was what LaGuardia had so much of. Mr. Abbott thought I was too nice and quiet and soft. It all progressed slowly, in stages. I didn't study up much on LaGuardia, though I dipped into a few books and talked to some people who had known him. I also looked at some old film clips and listened to some tapes of his speeches, but essentially I figured it was an advantage that I had not known him or even seen him alive, because I wanted to treat him as a fictional figure, to give an impression of him rather than be a direct copy, especially since the play deals with the time before he was Mayor. It's hard for me, even now, to imagine that I really *am* LaGuardia, though people accuse me of thinking I am, but I regard him more in philosophical terms, and I find myself believing in the things he believed in, such as helping the factory girls on strike when he was a young lawyer."

Mr. Bosley had finished shaving and was walking about the room sipping a glass of water to soothe his vocal cords, which he employs during the musical to project his voice a good octave and a half higher than is normal for him, the result being an astonishing LaGuardia-like screech familiar to anyone who ever heard the Mayor reading the comics over the radio to youngsters on Sundays or fulminating against petty politicians and what he used to call "tinhorns." "The voice really developed by accident, too," Bosley told us. "When we went out of town, I found it beginning to rise on certain lines, because I was trying to use Fiorello's inflections, and then, in a couple of weeks, I was doing the whole part that way. The same was true for the gestures, and Mr. Abbott never told me what to do about them, only what not to do. As a matter of

"Believe me, pal, none of this 'abominable' stuff was our idea."

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"Pardon me, but that's my painting!"

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fact, oddly enough, I noticed one day that Hal Prince, who produced the show with Griffith, used to stand around with his arms folded, and that Mr. Abbott had a habit of putting his hands on his hips, and I remembered that they were typical LaGuardia mannerisms I had seen in the clips. I also remembered pictures of his stance—feet apart and flat on the ground—so I added that bit. And, of course, that broad black hat of his was such a trademark that just wearing one in the show is a big help."

Bosley, who is a bachelor, told us that in 1941, when LaGuardia was being reëlected Mayor of New York for the third time, he himself was a freshman in high school in Chicago, where he was born thirty-three years ago. After he graduated, he enlisted in the Navy, was trained as a radioman, and served at various posts in this country. When the war ended, he entered De Paul University, in Chicago, intending to study law, but after six months he quit and enrolled in a radio-talent school, having decided he wanted to be a sports announcer. He got interested in drama instead, and began playing parts in radio shows and then in plays presented by various professional companies in and around Chicago, including The Woodstock Players, where among his fellow-actors were Paul Newman, Shelley Berman, Geraldine Page, and Betsy Palmer.

Mr. Bosley said he loses around four pounds a performance and is now about thirty pounds lighter than he was when "Fiorello!" opened. "I've gone through a lot of suits, but I seem at last to have tapered off," he said. "Keeping in shape for the part is like constantly training for a prizefight. I take a nap every afternoon, except when there's a matinée. I played softball this spring on the combined 'Fiorello!'-'Donnybrook!' team, and that helped keep me in shape, and I play a little golf. Mr. Abbott beats me soundly. I serve on the Council of Actors' Equity, and that keeps me busy in a different way. I've always been interested in politics, and I can't say playing LaGuardia has made me more so, but I've regularly been approached by people who have wanted me to take an active part in one campaign or another. I was an Adlai Stevenson man for a long time, but I supported President Kennedy when he was nominated. While I'm a Democrat by instinct, I'm stubborn and independent, and I'm also for Representative John Lindsay, who is a Republican. I haven't made up my mind on this year's mayoralty election."

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INCOMPLETE dialogue overheard in the Biltmore Hotel's Coffee Shop on a hot July day:

MALE CUSTOMER: "I think I want a club sandwich. What is a club sandwich?"

WAITRESS: "It's bacon, lettuce, tomato, and turkey."

M.C.: "You couldn't make it without turkey, could you?"

W.: "Then you'd have a bacon-lettuce-and-tomato sandwich."

M.C.: "I wouldn't want that. I think I'll have a . . ."

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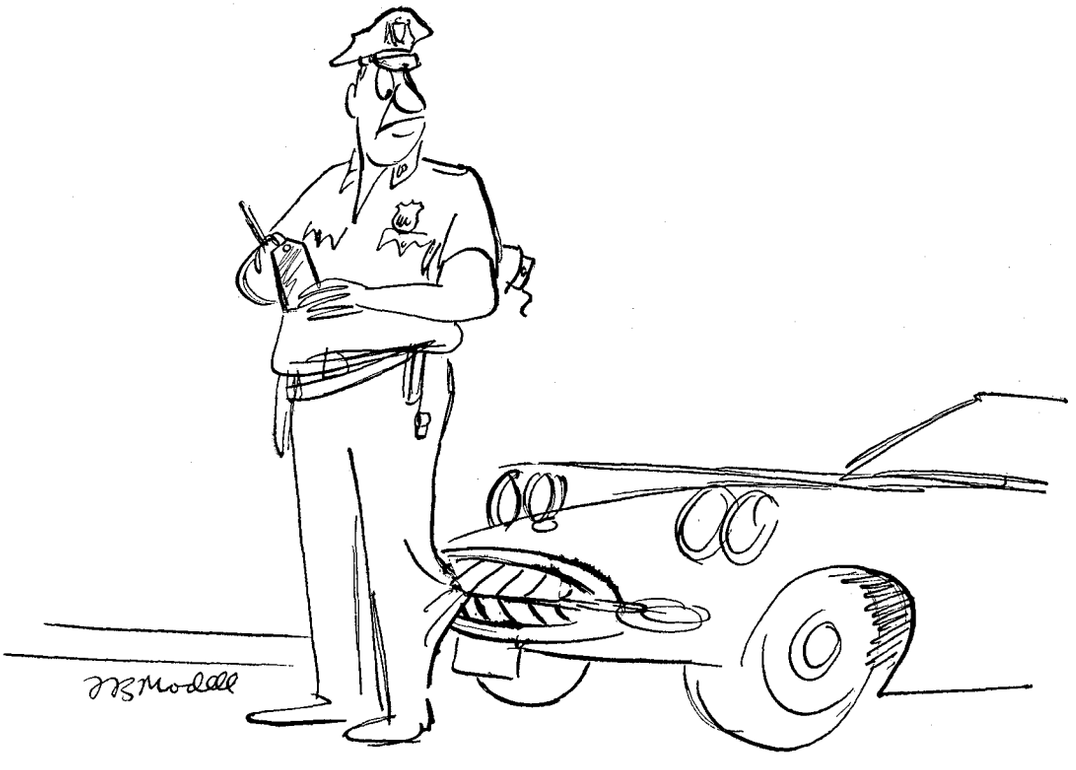
THE SEASIDE HOUSES

EACH year, we rent a house at the edge of the sea and drive there in the first of the summer—with the dog and cat, the children, and the cook—arriving at a strange place a little before dark. The journey to the sea has its ceremonious excitements, it has gone on for so many years now, and there is the sense that we are, as in our dreams we have always known ourselves to be, migrants and wanderers—travellers, at least, with a traveller's acuteness of feeling. I never investigate the houses that we rent, and so the wooden castle with a tower, the pile, the Staffordshire cottage covered with roses, and the Southern mansion all loom up in the last of the sea light with the enormous appeal of the unknown. You get the sea-rusted keys from the house next door. You unfasten the lock and step into a dark or a light hallway, about to begin a vacation—a month that promises to have no worries of any kind. But as strong as or stronger than this pleasant sense of beginnings is the sense of having stepped into the midst of someone else's life. All my dealings are with agents, and I have never known the people from whom we have rented, but their ability to leave behind them a sense of physical and emotional presences is amazing. Our affairs are certainly not written in air and water, but they do seem to be chronicled in scuffed baseboards, odors, and tastes in furniture and paintings, and the climates we step into in these rented places are as marked as the changes of weather on the beach. Sometimes there is in the long hallway a benignness, a purity and clearness of feeling to which we all respond. Someone was enormously happy here, and we rent their happiness as we rent their beach and their catboat. Sometimes the climate of the place seems mysterious, and remains a mystery until we leave in August. Who, we wonder, is the lady in the portrait in the upstairs hallway? Whose was the aqualung, the set of Virginia Woolf? Who hid the copy of "Fanny Hill" in the china closet, who played the zither, who slept in the cradle, and who was the woman who painted red enamel on the nails of the claw-footed bathtub? What was this moment in her life?

The dog and the children run down to the beach, and we bring in our things, wandering, it seems, through the dense histories of strangers. Who owned the *Lederhosen*, who spilled ink (or blood) on the carpet, who broke the pantry window? And what do you make of a bedroom bookshelf stocked with "Married Happiness," "An Illustrated Guide to Sexual Happiness in Marriage," "The Right to Sexual Felicity," and "A Guide to Sexual Happiness for Married Couples"? But outside the windows we hear the percussive noise of the sea; it shakes the bluff where the house stands, and sends its rhythm up through the plaster and timbers of the place, and in the end we all go down to the beach—it is what we came for, after all—and the rented house on the bluff, burning now with our lights, is one of those images that have preserved their urgency and their fitness. Fishing in the spring woods, you step on a clump of wild mint and the fragrance released is like the essence of that day. Walking on the Palatine, bored with antiquities and life in general, you see an owl fly out of the ruins of the palace of Septimius Severus and suddenly that day, that raffish and noisy city, all make sense. Lying in bed, you draw on your cigarette and the red glow lights an arm, a breast, and a thigh around which the world seems to revolve. These images are like the embers of our best feelings, and, standing on the beach, for that first hour, it seems as if we could build them into a fire. After dark we shake up a drink, send the children to bed, and make love in a strange room that smells of someone else's soap—all measures taken to exorcise the owners and secure our possession of the place. But in the middle of the night the terrace door flies open with a crash, although there seems to be no wind, and my wife says, half asleep, "Oh, why have they come back? Why have they come back? What have they lost?"

BROADMERE is the rented house I remember most clearly, and we got there at the usual time of day. It was a large white house, and it stood on a bluff facing south, which was the open sea on that coast. I got the key from a Southern lady in a house across the garden, and opened the door onto a hallway with a curved staircase. The Greenwoods, the owners, seemed to have left that day, seemed in fact to have left a minute earlier. There were flowers in the vases, cigarette butts in the ashtrays, and a dirty glass on the table. We brought in the suitcases and sent the children down to the beach, and I stood in the living room waiting for my wife to join me. The stir, the discord, of the Greenwoods' sudden departure still seemed to be in the air. I felt that they had gone hastily and unwillingly, and that they had not wanted to rent their summer house. The room had a bay window looking out to sea, but in the twilight the place seemed drab, and I found it depressing. I turned on a lamp, but the bulb was dim and I thought that Mr. Greenwood had been a parsimonious and mean man. Whatever he had been, I seemed to feel his presence with uncommon force. On the bookshelf there was a small sailing trophy that he had



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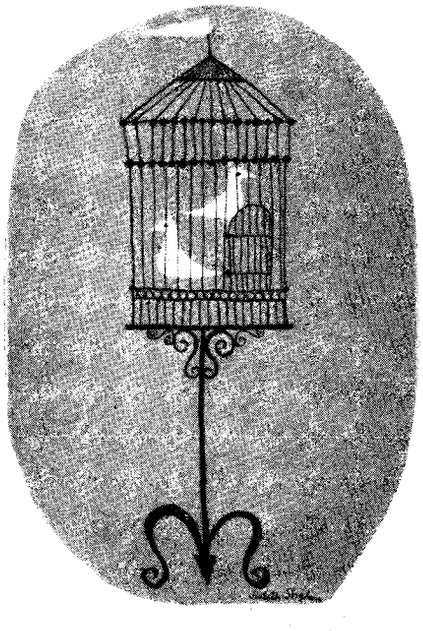
won ten years before. The books were mostly Literary Guild selections. I took a biography of Queen Victoria off the shelf, but the binding was stiff, and I think no one had read it. Hidden behind the book was an empty whiskey bottle. The furniture seemed substantial and in good taste, but I was not happy or at ease in the room. There was an upright piano in the corner, and I played some scales to see if it was in tune (it wasn't) and opened the piano bench to look for music. There was some sheet music, and two more empty whiskey bottles. Why hadn't he taken out his empties like the rest of us? Had he been a secret drinker? Would this account for the drabness of the room? Had he learned to take the top off the bottle without making a sound, and mastered the more difficult trick of canting the glass and the bottle so that the whiskey wouldn't splash? My wife came in, carrying an empty suitcase, which I took up to the attic. This part of the house was neat and clean. All the tools and the paints were labelled and in their places, and all this neatness, unlike the living room, conveyed an atmosphere of earnestness and probity. He must have spent a good deal of time in the attic, I thought. It was getting dark, and I joined my wife and children on the beach.

The sea was running high and the long white line of the surf reached, like an artery, down the shore for as far as we could see. We stood, my wife and I, with our arms loosely around one another—for don't we all come down to the sea as lovers, the pretty woman in her pregnancy bathing suit with a fair husband, the old couples who bathe their gnarled legs, and the bucks and the girls, looking out to the ocean and its fumes for some riggish and exalted promise of romance? When it was dark and time to go to bed, I told my youngest son a story. He slept in a pleasant room that faced the east, where there was a lighthouse on a point, and the beam swept in through the window. Then I noticed something on the corner baseboard—a thread or a spider, I thought—and knelt down to see what it was. Someone had written there, in a small hand, "My father is a rat. I repeat. My father is a rat." I kissed my son good night and we all went to sleep.

Sunday was a lovely day, and I woke in very high spirits, but, walking around the place before breakfast, I came on another cache of whiskey bottles hidden behind a yew tree, and I felt a return of that drabness—it was nearly like despair—that I had first experienced in the living room. I was worried and curious about Mr. Greenwood. His troubles seemed inescapable. I thought of going into the village and asking about him, but this kind of curiosity seems to me indecent. Later in the day, I found his photograph in a shirt drawer. The glass covering the picture was broken. He was dressed in the uniform of an Air Force major, and had a long and a romantic face. I was pleased with his handsomeness, as I had been pleased with his sailing trophy, but these two possessions were not quite enough to cure the house of its drabness. I did not like the place, and this seemed to affect my temper. Later I tried to teach my oldest son how to surf-cast with a drail, but he kept fouling his line and getting sand in the reel, and we had a quarrel. After lunch we drove to the boatyard where the sailboat that went with the house was stored. When I asked about the boat, the proprietor laughed. It had not been in the water for five years and was falling to pieces. This was a grave disappointment, but I did not think angrily of Mr. Greenwood as a liar, which he was; I thought of him sympathetically as a man forced into those embarrassing expedients that go with a rapidly diminishing income. That night in the living room, reading one of his books, I noticed that the sofa cushions seemed unyielding. Reaching under them, I found three copies of a magazine dealing with sunbathing. They were illustrated with many pictures of men and women wearing nothing but their shoes. I put the magazines into the fireplace and lighted them with a match, but the paper was coated and they burned slowly. Why should I be made so angry, I wondered; why should I seem so absorbed in this image of a lonely and drunken man? In the upstairs hallway there was a bad smell, left perhaps by an unhousebroken cat or a stopped drain, but it seemed to me like the distillate, the essence, of a bitter quarrel. I slept poorly.



On Monday it rained. The children baked cookies in the morning. I walked on the beach. In the afternoon we visited the local museum, where there was one stuffed peacock, one spiked German helmet, an assortment of shrapnel, a collection of butterflies, and some old photographs. You could hear the rain on the museum roof. On Monday night I had a strange dream. I dreamed I was

EH?

One advantage of the advancing years:
They do something to your ears.
A touch of deafness lightens one of life's heaviest chores:
Listening to bores.
Of bores I have suffered more than my portion,
And I now find that their conversation is improved by a little distortion,
Which alleviates my malaise
At cocktail parties and buffets.
Cornered by the unkempt young woman to whom reading Allen Ginsberg aloud to unkempt young men is fun,
My ears persuade me she said "Xenophon," not "Zen is fun."
Thus I can loll in a wonderland more fantastic than Alice's,
Half Anabasis, half analysis.
The female movie addict to whom the annual Oscars are graven tablets from Hollywood's holy mountain
No longer irks me when I seem to hear her complain that this year's award-winning song is not as good as one of its predecessors, "Pork Loins in the Fountain."
With the aid of my aural deficiency I encounter many happy surprises in what was once tedious social verbosity,
And go home refreshed to listen to the TV pitchman selling me a cigarette, the unique virtue of which seems to be its high ferocity.

—Ogden Nash

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"How would you girls like to get in on the ground floor of a local New Wave of movie-makers?"

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sailing for Naples on the Cristoforo Colombo and sharing a tourist cabin with an old man. The old man never appeared, but his belongings were heaped on the lower berth. There was a greasy fedora, a battered umbrella, a paperback novel, and a bottle of laxative pills. I wanted a drink. I am not an alcoholic, but in my dream I experienced all the physical and emotional torments of a man who is. I went up to the bar. The bar was closed. The bartender was there, locking up the cash register, and all the bottles were draped in cheesecloth. I begged him to open the bar, but he said he had spent the last ten hours cleaning staterooms and that he was going to bed. I asked if he would sell me a bottle, and he said no. Then—he was an Italian—I explained slyly that the bottle was not for me but for my little daughter. His attitude changed at once. If it was for my little daughter, he would be happy to give me a bottle, but it must be a beautiful bottle, and after searching around the bar he came up with a swan-shaped bottle, full of liqueur. I told him my daughter wouldn't like this at all, that what she wanted was gin, and he finally produced a bottle of gin and charged me ten thousand lire. When I woke, it seemed that I had dreamed one of Mr. Greenwood's dreams.

WE had our first caller on Wednesday. This was Mrs. Whiteside, the Southern lady from whom we got the key. She rang our bell at five and presented us with a box of strawberries. Her daughter, Mary-Lee, a girl of about twelve, was with her. Mrs. Whiteside was formidably decorous, but Mary-Lee had gone in heavily for makeup. Her eyebrows were plucked, her eyelids were painted, and the rest of her face was highly colored. I suppose she didn't have anything else to do. I asked Mrs. Whiteside in enthusiastically, because I wanted to cross-question her about the Greenwoods. "Isn't it a beautiful staircase?" she asked when she stepped into the hall. "They had it built for their daughter's wedding. Dolores was only four at the time, but they liked to imagine that she would stand by the window in her white dress and throw her flowers down to her attendants." I bowed Mrs. Whiteside into the living room and gave her a glass of sherry. "We're pleased to have you here, Mr. Pastern," she said. "It's so nice to have children running on the beach again. But it's only fair to say that we all miss the Greenwoods. They were charming people, and they've never rented before. This is their first summer away from the beach. Oh, he loved Broadmere. It was his pride and joy. I can't imagine what he'll do without it." If the Greenwoods were so charming, I wondered who had been the secret drinker. "What does Mr. Greenwood do?" I asked, trying to finesse the directness of my question by crossing the room and filling her glass again. "He's in synthetic yarns," she said. "Although I believe he's on the lookout for something more interesting." This seemed to be a hint, a step perhaps in the right direction. "You mean he's looking for a job?" I asked quickly. "I really can't say," she replied.

She was one of those old women who you might say was as tranquil as the waters under a bridge, but she seemed to me monolithic, to possess some of the community's biting teeth, and perhaps to secrete some of its venom. She seemed by her various and painful disappointments (Mr. Whiteside had passed away, and there was very little money) to have been pushed up out of the stream of life to sit on its banks in unremittent lugubriousness, watching the rest of us speed down to sea. What I mean to say is that I thought I detected beneath her melodious voice a vein of corrosive bitterness. In all, she drank five glasses of sherry.

She was about to go. She sighed and started to get up. "Well, I'm so glad of this chance to welcome you," she said. "It's so nice to have children running on the beach again, and while the Greenwoods were charming, they had their difficulties. I say that I miss them, but I can't say that I miss hearing them quarrel, and they quarrelled every single night last summer. Oh, the things he used to say! They were what I suppose you would call incompatible." She rolled her eyes in the direction of Mary-Lee to suggest that she could have told us much more. "I like to work in my garden sometimes after the heat of the day,

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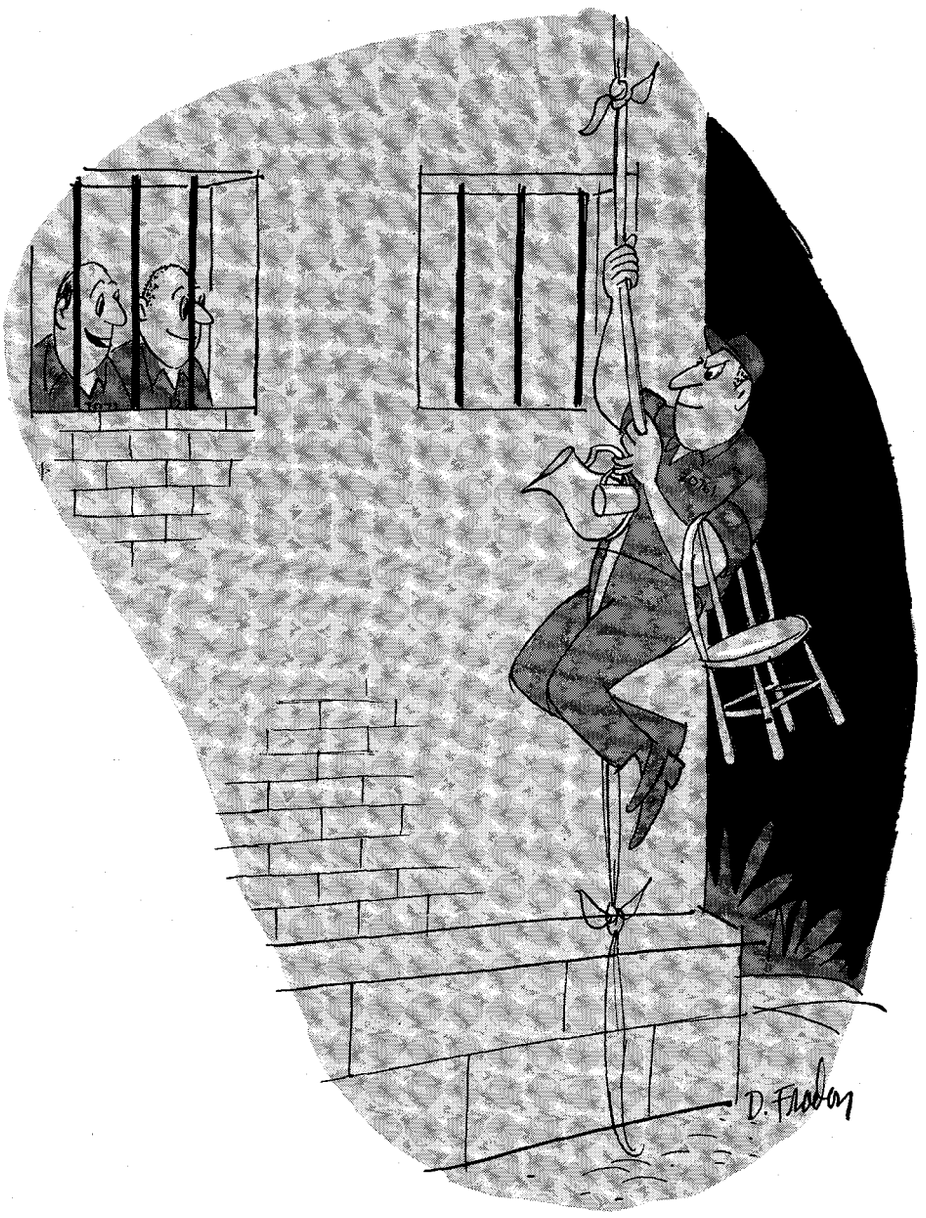
but when they were quarrelling I couldn't step out of the house, and I sometimes had to close the doors and windows. I don't suppose I should tell you all of this, but the truth will out, won't it?" She got to her feet and went into the hall. "As I say, they had the staircase built for the marriage of their daughter, but poor Dolores was married in the Municipal Building, eight months pregnant by a garage mechanic. It's nice to have you here. Come along, Mary-Lee."

I had, in a sense, what I wanted. She had authenticated the drabness of the house. But why should I be so moved, as I was, by the poor man's wish to see his daughter happily married? It seemed to me that I could see them standing in the hallway when the staircase was completed. Dolores would be playing on the floor. They would have their arms around one another; they would be smiling up at the arched window and its vision of cheer, propriety, and enduring happiness. But where had they all gone, and why had this simple wish ended in disaster?

In the morning it rained again, and the cook suddenly announced that her sister in New York was dying and that she had to go home. She had not received any letters or telephone calls that I knew of, but I drove her to the airport and let her go. I returned reluctantly to the house. I had got to hate the place. I found a plastic chess set and tried to teach my son to play chess, but this ended in a quarrel. The other children lay in bed, reading comics. I was short-tempered with everyone, and decided that for their own good I should return to New York for a day or two. I lied to my wife about some urgent business, and she took me to the plane the next morning. It felt good to be airborne and away from the drabness of Broadmere. It was hot and sunny in New York—it felt and smelled like midsummer. I stayed at the office until late, and stopped at a bar near Grand Central Station. I had been there a few minutes when Greenwood came in. His romantic looks were ruined, but I recognized him at once from the photograph in the shirt drawer. He ordered a Martini and a glass of water, and drank off the water, as if that was what he had come for.



"Now, there's what I call a crook's crook!"

You could see at a glance that he was one of that legion of wage-earning ghosts who haunt midtown Manhattan, dreaming of a new job in Madrid, Dublin, or Cleveland. His hair was slicked down. His face had the striking ruddiness of a baseball-park or race-track burn, although you could see by the way his hands shook that the flush was alcoholic. The bartender knew him, and they chatted for a while, but then the bartender went over to the cash register to add up his slips and Mr. Greenwood was left alone. He felt this. You could see it in his face. He felt that he had been left alone. It was late, all the express trains would have pulled out, and the rest of them were drifting in—the ghosts, I mean. God knows where they come from or where they go, this host of prosperous and well-dressed hangers-on who, in spite of the atmosphere of a fraternity they generate, would not think of speaking to one another. They all have a bottle hidden behind the Literary Guild selections and another in the piano bench. I thought of introducing myself to Greenwood, and then thought better of it. I had taken his beloved house away from him, and he was bound to be unfriendly. I couldn't guess the incidents in his autobiography, but I could guess its atmosphere and drift. Daddy would have died or absconded when he was young. The absence of a male parent is not so hard to discern among the marks life leaves on our faces. He would have been raised by his mother and his aunt, have gone to the state university and have majored (my guess) in general merchandising. He would have been in charge of PX supplies during the war. Nothing had worked out after the war. He had lost his daughter, his house, the love of his wife, and his interest in business, but none of these losses would account for his pain and bewilderment. The real cause would remain concealed from him, concealed from me, concealed from us all. It is what makes the railroad-station bars at that hour seem so mysterious. "Stupid," he said to the bartender. "Oh, Stupid. Do you think

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you could find the time to sweeten my drink?"

It was the first note of ugliness, but there would be nothing much but ugliness afterward. He would get very mean. Thin, fat, choleric or merry, young or old, all the ghosts do. In the end, they all drift home to accuse the doorman of incivility, to rail at their wives for extravagance, to lecture their bewildered children on ingratitude, and then to fall asleep on the guest-room bed with all their clothes on. But it wasn't this image that troubled me but the image of him standing in the new hallway, imagining that he saw his daughter at the head of the stairs in her wedding dress. We had not spoken, I didn't know him, his losses were not mine, and yet I felt them so strongly that I didn't want to spend the night alone, and so I spent it with a sloppy woman who works in our office. In the morning, I took a plane back to the sea, where it was still raining and where I found my wife washing pots in the kitchen sink. I had a hangover and felt painfully depraved, guilty, and unclean. I had taken a shower, but I had not been able to wash off my skin the perfumes of my sloppy friend. I thought I might feel better if I went for a swim, and I asked my wife for my bathing trunks.

"They're around here somewhere," she said crossly. "They're kicking around underfoot somewhere. You left them wet on the bedroom rug and I hung them up in the shower."

"They're not in the shower," I said.

"Well, they're around here somewhere," she said. "Have you looked on the dining-room table?"

"Now, listen," I said. "I don't see why you have to speak of my bathing trunks as if they had been wandering around the house, drinking whiskey, breaking glasses, and telling dirty stories to mixed company. I'm just asking for an *innocent* pair of bathing trunks." Then I sneezed, and I waited for her to bless me as she always did but she said nothing. "And another thing I can't find," I said, "is my handkerchiefs."

"Blow your nose on Kleenex," she said.

"I don't want to blow my nose on Kleenex," I said. I must have raised my voice, because I could hear Mrs. Whiteside calling Mary-Lee indoors and shutting a window.

"Oh, God, you bore me this morning," my wife said.

"I've been bored for the last six years," I said.

I took a cab to the airport and an afternoon plane back to the city. We had been married twelve years and had been lovers for two years before our marriage, making a total of fourteen years in all that we had been together, and I never saw her again.

THIS is being written in another seaside house with another wife. I sit in a chair of no discernible period or inspiration. Its cushions have a musty smell. The ashtray was filched from the Excelsior in Rome. My whiskey glass once held jelly. The table I'm writing on has a bum leg. The lamp is dim. Magda, my wife, is dyeing her hair. She dyes it orange, and this has to be done once a week. It is foggy, we are near a channel marked with buoys, and I can hear as many bells as I would hear in any pious village on a Sunday morning. There are high bells, low bells, and bells that seem to ring from under the sea. When Magda asks me to get her glasses, I step quietly onto the porch. The lights from the cottage, shining into the fog, give an illusion of substance, and it seems as if I might stumble on a beam of light. The shore is curved, and I can see the lights of other haunted cottages where people are building up an accrual of happiness or misery that will be left for the August tenants or the people who come next year. Are we truly this close to one another? Must we impose our burdens on strangers? And is our sense of the universality of suffering so inescapable? "My glasses, my glasses!" Magda shouts. "How many times do I have to ask you to bring them for me?" I get her her glasses, and when she is finished with her hair we go to bed. In the middle of the night, the porch door flies open, but my first, my gentle, wife is not there to ask, "Why have they come back? What have they lost?"

—JOHN CHEEVER

"We do not owe them a dinner. We owe them spareribs burnt to a crisp on an outdoor grill during a drizzle."

•

In this country, the Honorable Doctor continues to fight the Russian encroachment of communism. He has authored articles revealing the Russian plans for the Saturday Evening Post, Fortune, Liberty, and other leading magazines.—*McAllen (Texas) Valley Monitor.*

You got to hand it to the Russians—they're *busy*.

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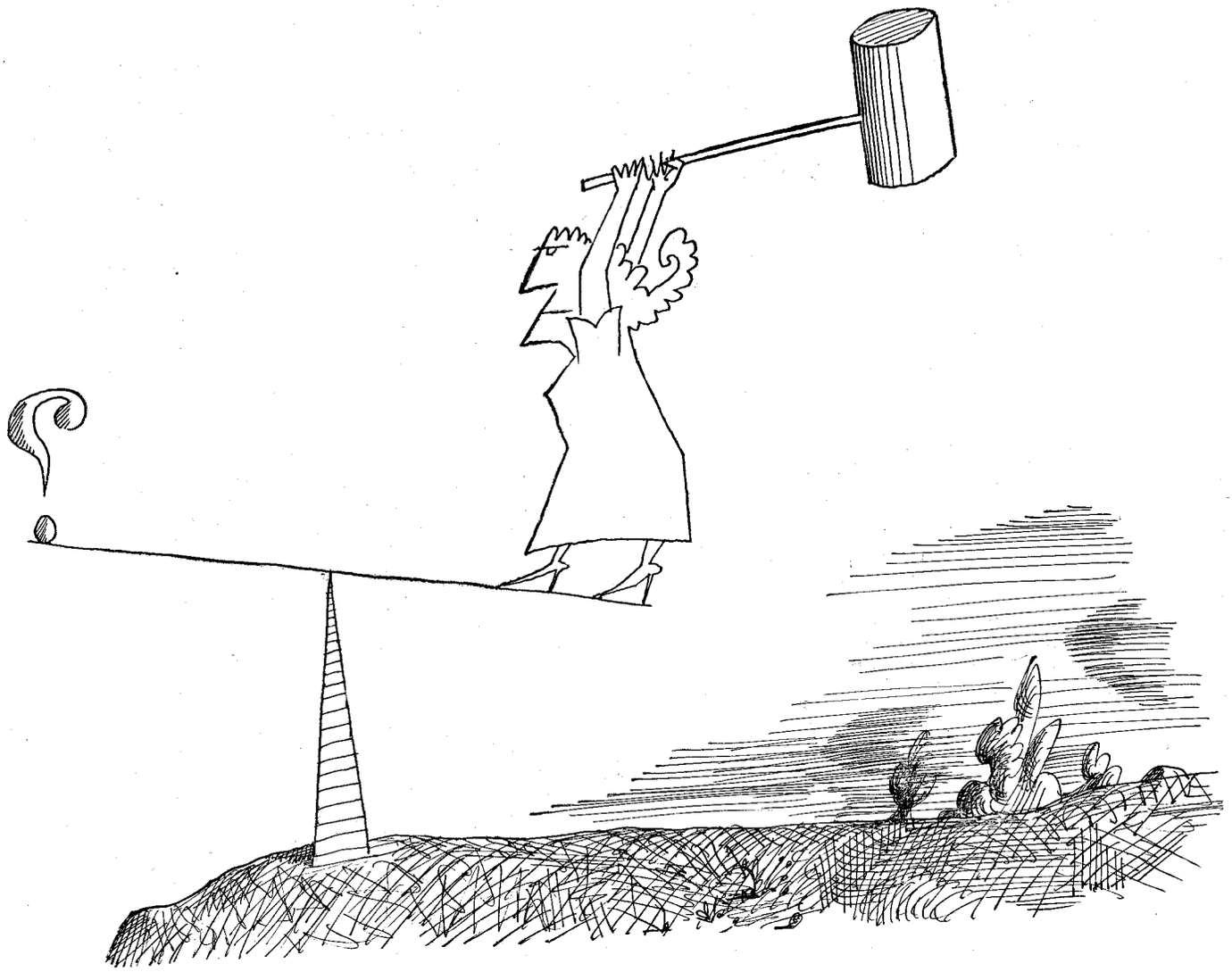

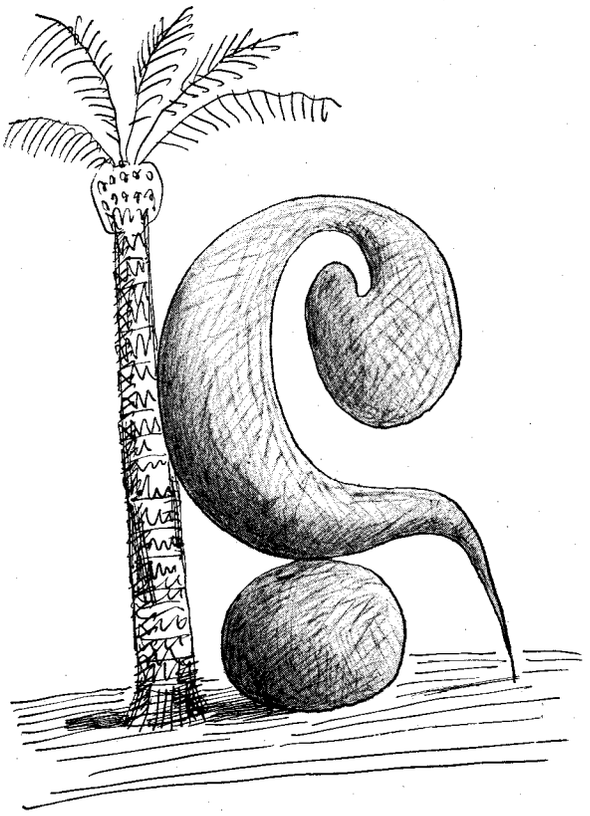

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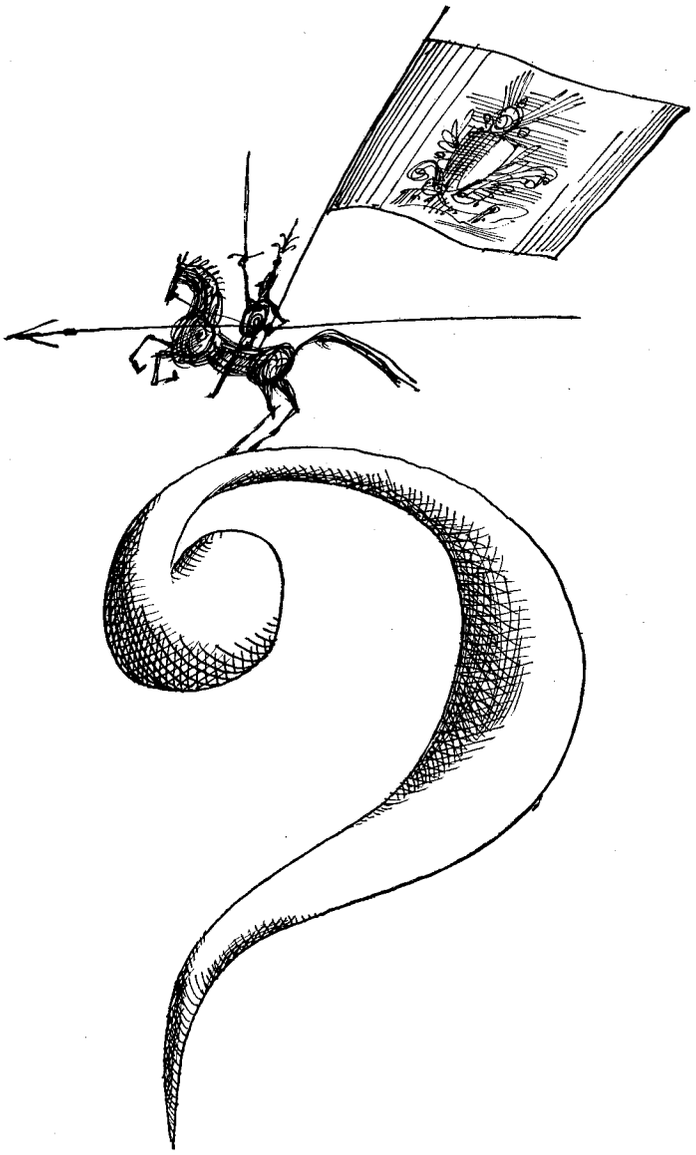

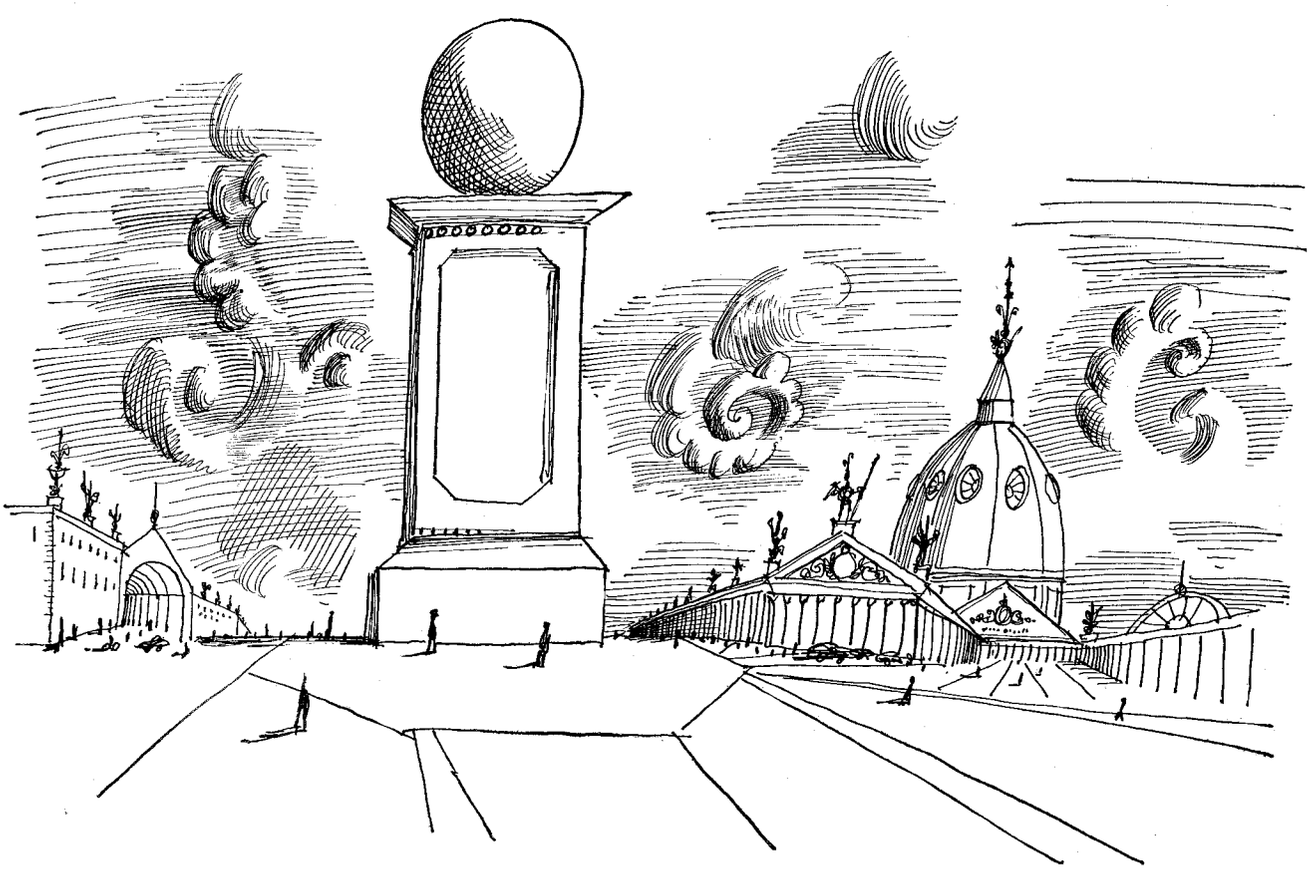

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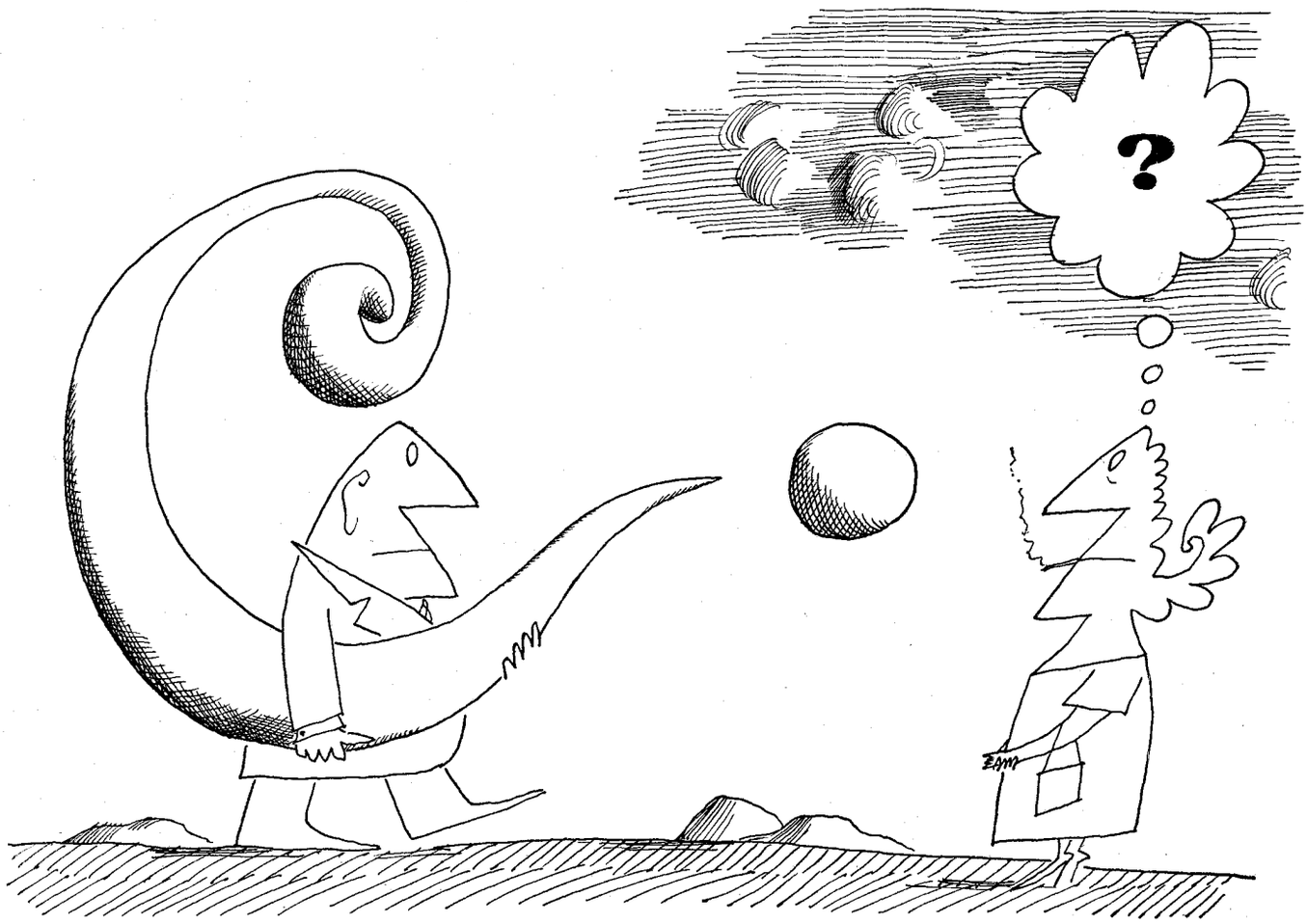

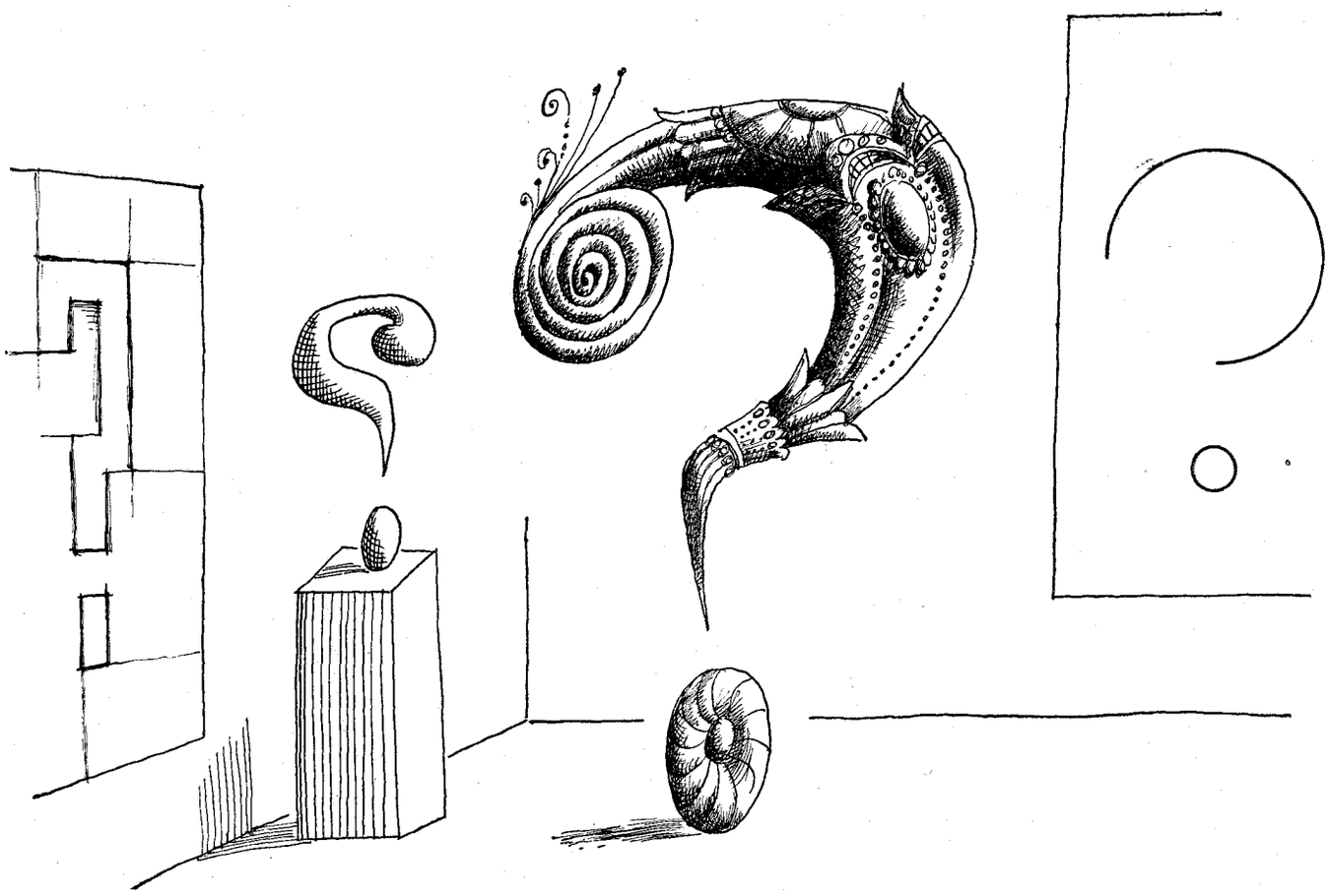

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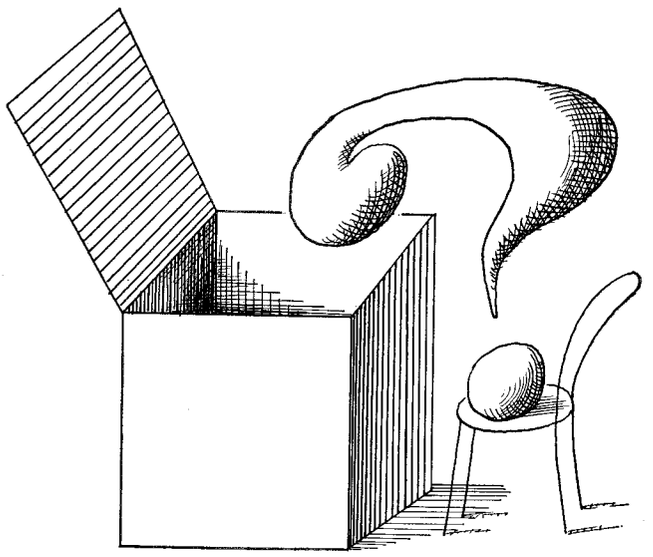

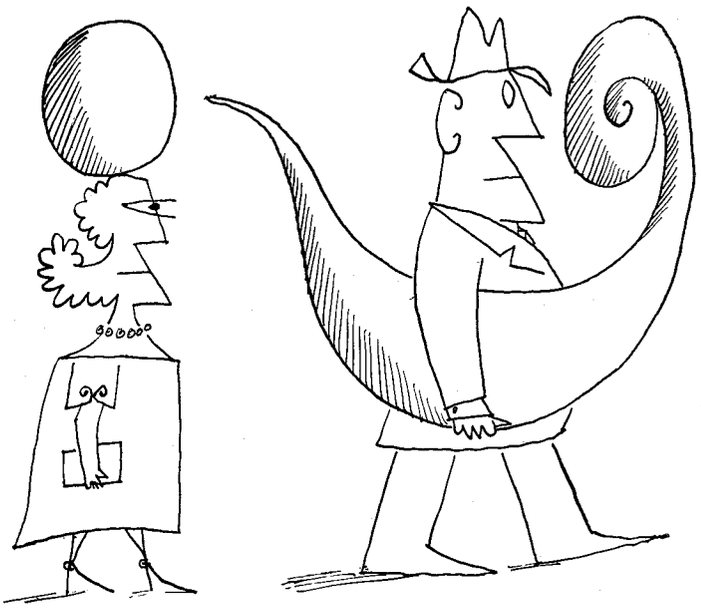

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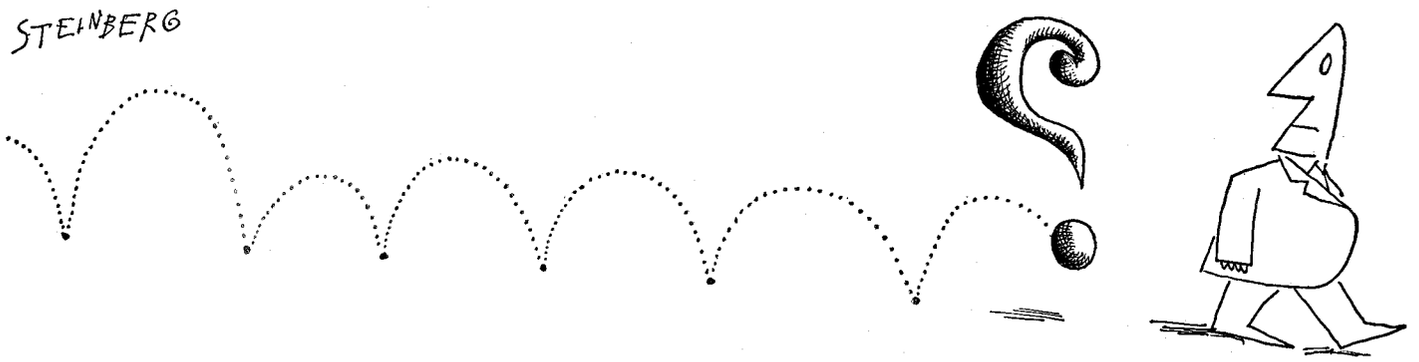

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GIRL READING

ETTA's desire was to belong. Sometimes she felt on the fringe of the family, at other times drawn headily into its very center. At mealtimes—those occasions of argument and hilarity, of thrust and counterstroke, bewildering to her at first—she was especially on her mettle, turning her head alertly from one to another as if watching a fast tennis match. She hoped soon to learn the art of riposte and already used, sometimes unthinkingly, family words and phrases; and had one or two privately treasured memories of even having made the others laugh. They delighted in laughing and often did so scoffingly—"at the expense of those less fortunate," as Etta's mother would sententiously have put it.

Etta and Sarah were school friends. It was not the first time that Etta had stayed with the Lippmanns in the holidays. Everyone understood that the hospitality would not be returned, for Etta's mother, who was widowed, went out to work each day. Sarah had seen only the outside of the drab terrace house where her friend lived. She had persuaded her elder brother, David, to take her spying there one evening. They drove fifteen miles to Market Swanford, and Sarah with great curiosity studied the street names until at last she discovered the right one, and the house itself. No one was about. The street was quite deserted and the two rows of houses facing one another were blank and silent as if waiting for a hearse to appear. "Do hurry!" Sarah urged her brother. It had been a most dangerous outing and she was thoroughly depressed by it. Curiosity now seemed a trivial sensation compared with the pity she was feeling for her friend's drab life and her shame at having confirmed her own suspicions of it. She was threatened by tears. "Aren't you going in?" her brother asked in great surprise. "Hurry, hurry," she begged him. There had never been any question of her calling at that house.

She must be very lonely there all through the holidays, poor Etta, she thought, and could imagine hour after hour in the dark house. Bickerings with the daily help she had already heard of, and—Etta trying to put on a brave face and make much of nothing—trips to the public library the highlight of the day, it seemed. No wonder that her holiday reading was always so carefully done, thought Sarah, whereas she herself could never snatch a moment for it except at night in bed.

Sarah had a lively conscience about the seriousness of her friend's private world. Having led her more than once into trouble, at school, she had always afterward felt a disturbing sense of shame; for Etta's work was more important than her own could ever be, too important to be interrupted by escapades. Sacrifices had been made and scholarships must be won. Once—it was a year ago when they were fifteen and had less sense—Sarah had thought up some rough tomfoolery and Etta's blazer had been torn. Sarah was still haunted by her friend's look of consternation. She had remembered too late, as always—remembered the sacrifices that had been made, the widowed mother sitting year after year at her office desk, the holidays that were never taken and the contriving that had to be done. Her own mother was so warm and worldly.

If Mrs. Lippmann had anxieties she kept them to herself, setting the pace of gaiety, up to date and party-loving. She was popular with her friends' husbands, who, in their English way, thought of her comfortably as nearly as good company as a man and full of bright ways as well. Etta felt safer with her than with Mr. Lippmann, whose inquiries were often too probing; he touched nerves, his jocularity could be an embarrassment. The boys—Sarah's elder brothers—had their own means of communication, which their mother unflaggingly strove to interpret, and on Etta's first visit she had tried to do so for her, too.

She *was* motherly, although she looked otherwise, the girl decided. Lying in bed at night, in the room she shared with Sarah, Etta would listen to guests driving noisily away or to the Lippmanns returning, full of laughter, from some neighbor's house. Late-night door-slamming in the country disturbed only the house's occupants, who all contributed to it. Etta imagined them pottering about downstairs—husband and wife—and the two girls would hear bottles clinking, laughter, voices raised from room to room, goodnight endearments to cats and dogs, and at last Mrs. Lippmann's running footsteps on the stairs and the sound of her jingling bracelets coming

"Please, Mrs. Portnoy, let me be the one to decide when to make a note and when not to make a note."

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nearer. Outside their door she would pause, listening, wondering if they were asleep already. They never were. "Come in!" Sarah would shout, hoisting herself up out of the bedclothes on one elbow, her face turned expectantly toward the door, ready for laughter—for something amusing would surely have happened. Mrs. Lippmann, sitting on one of the beds, never failed them. When they were children, Sarah said, she brought back *petits fours* from parties; now she brought back *faux pas*. She specialized in little stories against herself—Mummy's Humiliations, Sarah named them—tactless things she had said, never-to-be-remedied remarks that sprang fatally from her lips. Mistakes in identity was her particular line, for she never remembered a face, she declared. Having kissed Sarah, she would bend over Etta to do the same. She smelled of scent and gin and cigarette smoke. After this they would go to sleep. The house would be completely quiet for several hours.

Etta's mother had always had doubts about the suitability of this ménage. She knew it only at second hand from her daughter, and Etta said very little about her visits and that little was only in reply to obviously resented questions. But she had a way of looking about her with boredom when she returned, as if she had made the transition unwillingly and incompletely. She hurt her mother—who wished only to do everything in the world for her, having no one else to please or protect.

"I should feel differently if we were able to return the hospitality," Mrs. Salkeld told Etta. The Lippmanns' generosity depressed her. She knew that it was despicable to feel jealous, left out, kept in the dark, but she tried to rationalize her feelings before Etta. "I could take a few days off and invite Sarah here," she suggested when, early in this year's summer holidays, the usual letter had come from Mrs. Lippmann.

Etta was unable to hide her consternation, and her expression deeply wounded her mother. "I shouldn't know what to do with her," she said.

"Couldn't you go for walks? There are the Public Gardens. And take her to the cinema one evening. What do you do at *her* home?"

"Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait!"

• •

"Oh, just fool about. Nothing much." Some afternoons they just lay on their beds and ate sweets, keeping all the windows shut and the wireless on loud, and no one ever disturbed them or told them they ought to be out in the fresh air. Then they had to plan parties and make walnut fudge and de-flea the dogs. Making fudge was the only one of these things she could imagine them doing in her own home, and they could not do it all the time. As for the dreary Public Gardens, she could not herself endure the asphalt paths and the bandstand and the beds of salvias. She could imagine vividly how dejected Sarah would feel.

The afternoon the letter arrived, Etta, returning from the library, found that the charwoman had gone early and locked her out. She rang the bell, but the sound died away and left an even more forbidding silence. All the street, where elderly people dozed in stuffy rooms, was quiet. She lifted the flap of the letter box and called through it. No one stirred or came. She could just glimpse an envelope, lying face up on the doormat, addressed in Mrs. Lippmann's large, loopy, confident handwriting. The house stuffiness wafted through the letter box. She imagined the kitchen floor slowly drying, for there was a smell of soapy water. A tap was steadily dripping.

She leaned against the door, waiting for her mother's return, in a sickness of impatience at the thought of the letter lying there inside. Once or twice, she lifted the flap and had another look at it.

Her mother came home at last, very tired. With an anxious air, she set about cooking supper, which Etta had promised to have ready. The letter was left among her parcels on the kitchen table, and not until they had finished their stewed rhubarb did she send Etta to fetch it. She opened it carefully with the bread knife and deepened the frown on her forehead in preparation for reading it. When she had, she gave Etta a summary of its contents and put forward her objections, her unnerving proposal.

"She wouldn't come," Etta said. "She wouldn't leave her dog."

"But, my dear, she has to leave him when she goes back to school."

"I know. That's the trouble. In the holidays she likes to be with him as much as possible, to make up for it."

Mrs. Salkeld, who had similar wishes about her daughter, looked sad. "It is

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too one-sided," she gently explained. "You must try to understand how I feel about it."

"They're only too glad to have me. I keep Sarah company when they go out."

They obviously went out a great deal, and Mrs. Salkeld suspected that they were frivolous. She did not condemn them for that—they must lead their own lives, but those were in a world that Etta would never be able to afford the time or money to inhabit. "Very well, Musetta," she said, removing the girl further from her by saying her full name, used only on formal and usually menacing occasions.

That night Mrs. Salkeld wept a little from tiredness and depression—from disappointment, too, at the thought of returning in the evenings to the dark and empty house, just as she usually did, but when she had hoped for company. They were not healing tears she shed and they did nothing but add self-contempt to her other distresses.

A WEEK later, Etta went the short distance by train to stay with the Lippmanns. Her happiness soon lost its edge of guilt, and once the train had rattled over the iron bridge that spanned the broad river, she felt safe in a different country. There seemed to be even a different weather, coming from a wider sky, and a riverside glare—for the railway line curved and the river curved more and lay in silver loops glimpsed through the trees. There were islands and backwaters and a pale heron standing on a patch of mud.

Sarah was waiting at the little station and Etta stepped down onto the platform as if taking a footing into promised land. Over the station and the gravelly lane outside hung a noonday quiet. On one side were grazing meadows, on the other side the drive gateways of expensive houses. The Gables, the Lippmanns' house, was indeed gabled and so was its boathouse. It was also turreted and balconied. There was a great deal of woodwork painted glossy white, and a huge-leaved Virginia creeper covered much of the red brick walls. In the front beds were the salvias and lobelias Etta had thought she hated. Towels and swim suits hung over balcony rails and a pair of tennis shoes had been put out on a window sill to dry. Even though Mr. Lippmann and his son David went to London every day, the house always had, for Etta, a holiday atmosphere.

The hall door stood open and on the big round table were the stacks of new magazines that seemed to her the symbol of extravagance and luxury. At the back of the house, on the terrace overlooking the river, Mrs. Lippmann, wearing tight lavender pants and a purple shirt, was drinking vodka with a neighbor who had called for a subscription to some charity. Etta was briefly enfolded in scented silk and tinkling bracelets and then released and introduced. Sarah gave her a red, syrupy drink and they sat down on the warm steps among the faded clumps of aubrietia and rocked the ice cubes to and fro in their glasses, keeping their eyes narrowed to the sun.

Mrs. Lippmann gossiped, leaning back under a fringed chair umbrella. She enjoyed exposing the frailties of her friends and family, although she was the first to hurry to their aid in trouble. Roger, who was seventeen, had been the worse for drink the previous evening, she was saying. Faced with breakfast, his expression had been a study of disgust, which she now tried to mimic. And David could not eat, either; but from being in love. She raised her eyes to heaven most dramatically, to convey that great patience was demanded of her.

"He eats like a horse," said Sarah. "Etta, let's go upstairs." She took

ACHILLES

My heel always ached a little,
as if the beak of a pin
sang there, and sometimes a nerve
jumped like a candle. But in
those hot years when we fought
for beauty—in ways
that made deeper wounds
than nature gave us—the blaze
of hope seemed immortal armor.
There were such stars then,
swimming in our shields,
and gods blowing through men
as through locusts. Motion
of boughs in a night wind was more
than eyes looked for; angels
attended our wars, and the roar
of wind through our tents
was the crimson baying of
our certain hearts. I have seen cattle
as bright as roses, and doves
making a white ocean of a cliff
of lilacs. But that was before
the arrow found me, small and tidy
as a recent tooth—inquisitor,
spy—that worked like a key there,
unfastened bad dreams,
infected the sea wind and the lost air,
drove to extremes
the mortal desire
to be immortal again,
until I leaped, my own arrow,
at the perfect pain
of that wedge buried
in the exposed cup
my mother missed in her prayers
and ablution. They were not enough.
I should have gone armed
with iron boots to my armpits,
for my heel aches now
like a lark on a spit,
and the urn where I turn
is a tower of myth
turned by sea scum
and the wind's black breath.

—ADRIEN STOUTENBURG

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"Take it easy. You may get your birdie yet."

• •

Etta's empty glass and led her back across the lawn, seeming not to care that her mother would without doubt begin to talk about her the moment she had gone.

Rich and vinegary smells of food came from the kitchen as they crossed the hall. There was a Hungarian cook, to whom Mrs. Lippmann spoke in German, and a Portuguese "temporary," to whom she spoke in Spanish. The food was an important part of the holiday to Etta, who had nowhere else eaten sauerkraut or *Apfelstrudel* or cold fried fish, and she went into the dining room each day with a sense of adventure and anticipation.

On this visit she was also looking forward to the opportunity of making a study of people in love—an opportunity she had not had before. While she unpacked, she questioned Sarah about David's Nora, as she thought of her; but Sarah would only say that she was quite a good sort, with dark eyes and an enormous bust, and that as she was coming to dinner that evening, as she nearly always did, Etta would be able to judge for herself.

While they were out on the river all the afternoon, Sarah rowing her in a dinghy along the reedy backwater, Etta's head was full of love in books. She felt that she knew what to expect, and her perceptions were sharpened by the change of air and scene, and the disturbing smell of the river, which she snuffed up deeply, as if she might be able to store it in her lungs. "Mother thinks it is polluted," Sarah said when Etta lifted a streaming hand from trailing in the water and brought up some slippery weeds and held them to her nose. They laughed at the idea.

Etta, for dinner, put on the Liberty silk they wore on Sunday evenings at school, and Sarah at once brought out her own hated garment from the back of the cupboard, where she had pushed it out of sight on the first day of the holidays. When they appeared downstairs, they looked unbelievably dowdy, Mrs. Lippmann thought, turning away for a moment because her eyes had suddenly pricked with tears at the sight of her kind daughter.

Mr. Lippmann and David returned from Lloyd's at half past six and with them brought Nora—a large, calm girl with an air of brittle indifference toward her fiancé that disappointed but did not delude Etta, who knew enough to remain undeceived by banter. To interpret from it the private tendernesses it hid was part of the mental exercise she was to be engaged in. After all, David would know better than to have his heart on his sleeve, especially in this *dégagé* family where nothing seemed half so funny as falling in love.

After dinner, Etta telephoned her mother, who had perhaps been waiting for the call, as the receiver was lifted immediately. Etta imagined her standing in the dark and narrow hall, with its smell of umbrellas and furniture polish.

"I thought you would like to know I arrived safely."

"What have you been doing?"

"Sarah and I went on the river. We

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"Good heavens, look at that hem!"

• •

have just finished dinner." Spicy smells still hung about the house. Etta guessed that her mother would have had half a tin of sardines and put the other half by for her breakfast. She felt sad for her and guilty herself. Most of her thoughts about her mother were deformed by guilt. "What have you been doing?" she asked.

"Oh, the usual," her mother said brightly. "I am just turning the collars and cuffs of your winter blouses. By the way, don't forget to pay Mrs. Lippmann for the telephone call."

"No. I shall have to go now. I just thought . . ."

"Yes, of course, dear. Well, have a lovely time."

"We are going for a swim when our dinner has gone down."

"Be careful of cramp, won't you? But I mustn't fuss from this distance. I know you are in good hands. Give my kind regards to Mrs. Lippmann and Sarah, will you, please. I must get back to your blouses."

"I wish you wouldn't bother. You must be tired."

"I am perfectly happy doing it," Mrs. Salkeld said. But if that were so, it was unnecessary, Etta thought, for her mother to add, as she did, "And someone has to do it."

She went dully back to the others. Roger was strumming on a guitar but he blushed and put it away when Etta came into the room.

As the days went quickly by, Etta thought that she was belonging more this time than ever before. Mr. Lippmann, a genial patriarch, often patted her head when passing, in confirmation of her existence, and Mrs. Lippmann let her run errands. Roger almost wistfully sought her company, while Sarah disdainfully discouraged him; for they had their own employments, she implied. Her friend—"my best friend," as she introduced Etta to lesser ones or adults—could hardly be expected to want the society of schoolboys. Although he was a year older than themselves, being a boy he was less sophisticated, she explained. She and Etta considered themselves to be rather worldly-wise—Etta having learned from literature and Sarah from putting two and two together, her favorite pastime. Her parents seemed to her to behave with the innocence of children, unconscious of their motives, so continually betraying themselves to her experienced eye, when knowing more would have made them guarded. She had similarly put two and two together about Roger's behavior to Etta, but she kept these conclusions to herself, partly from not wanting to make her friend feel self-conscious and partly—for she scorned self-deception—from what she recognized to be jealousy. She and Etta were very well as they were, she thought.

Etta herself was too much absorbed by the idea of love ever to think of being loved. In this house she had her first chance of seeing it at first hand and she studied David and Nora with such passionate speculation that their loving seemed less their own than hers. At first, she admitted to herself that she was disappointed. Their behavior fell short of what she required of them; they lacked a romantic attitude toward one another, and Nora was neither touching nor glorious—neither Viola nor Rosalind. In Etta's mind to be either was satisfactory; to be boisterous and complacent was not. Nora was simply a

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plump and genial girl with a bright face and a faint mustache. She could not be expected to inspire David with much gallantry and, in spite of all the red roses he brought her from London, he was not above telling her that she was getting fat. Gaily retaliatory, she would threaten him with the bouquet, waving it about his head, her huge engagement ring catching the light, flashing with different colors, her eyes flashing, too.

Sometimes, there was what Etta's mother would have called "horseplay," and Etta herself deplored the noise, the dishevelled romping. "We know quite well what it's instead of," said Sarah. "But I sometimes wonder if *they* do. They would surely cut it out if they did."

As intent as a bird watcher, Etta observed them, but was puzzled that they behaved like birds, making such a display of their courtship, an absurd-looking frolic out of a serious matter. She waited in vain for a sigh or secret glance. At night, in the room she shared with Sarah, she wanted to talk about them more than Sarah, who felt that her own family was the last possible source of glamour or enlightenment, was inclined. Discussing her bridesmaid's dress was the most she would be drawn into and that subject Etta felt was devoid of romance. She was not much interested in mere weddings and thought them rather banal and public celebrations. "With an overskirt of embroidered net," said Sarah in her decisive voice. "How nice if you could be a bridesmaid, too; but she has all those awful Greenbaum cousins. As ugly as sin, but not to be left out." Etta was inattentive to her. With all her studious nature she had set herself to study love and study it she would. She made the most of what the holiday offered and when the exponents were absent she fell back on the textbooks—"Tess of the D'Urbervilles" and "Wuthering Heights" at that time.

To Roger she seemed to fall constantly into the same pose, as she sat on the riverbank, bare feet tucked sidewise, one arm cradling a book, the other outstretched to pluck—as if to aid her concentration—at blades of grass. Her face remained pale, for it was always in shadow, bent over her book. Beside her, glistening with oil, Sarah spread out her body to the sun. She was content to lie for hour after hour with no object but to change the color of her skin and with thoughts crossing her mind as seldom as clouds passed overhead, and in as desultory a way when they did so. Sometimes, she took a book out with her, but nothing happened to it except that it became

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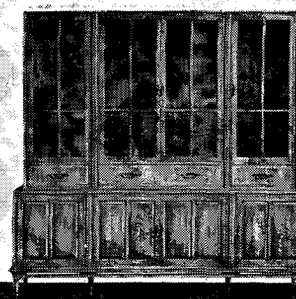

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smothered with oil. Etta, who found sunbathing boring and enervating, read steadily on—her straight, pale hair hanging forward as if to seclude her, to screen her from the curious eyes of passersby—shaken by passions of the imagination as she was. Voices from boats came clearly across the water, but she did not heed them. People going languidly by in punts shaded their eyes and admired the scarlet geraniums and the greenness of the grass. When motor cruisers passed, their wash jogged against the mooring stage and swayed into the boathouse, whose lacy fretwork trimmings had just been repainted glossy white.

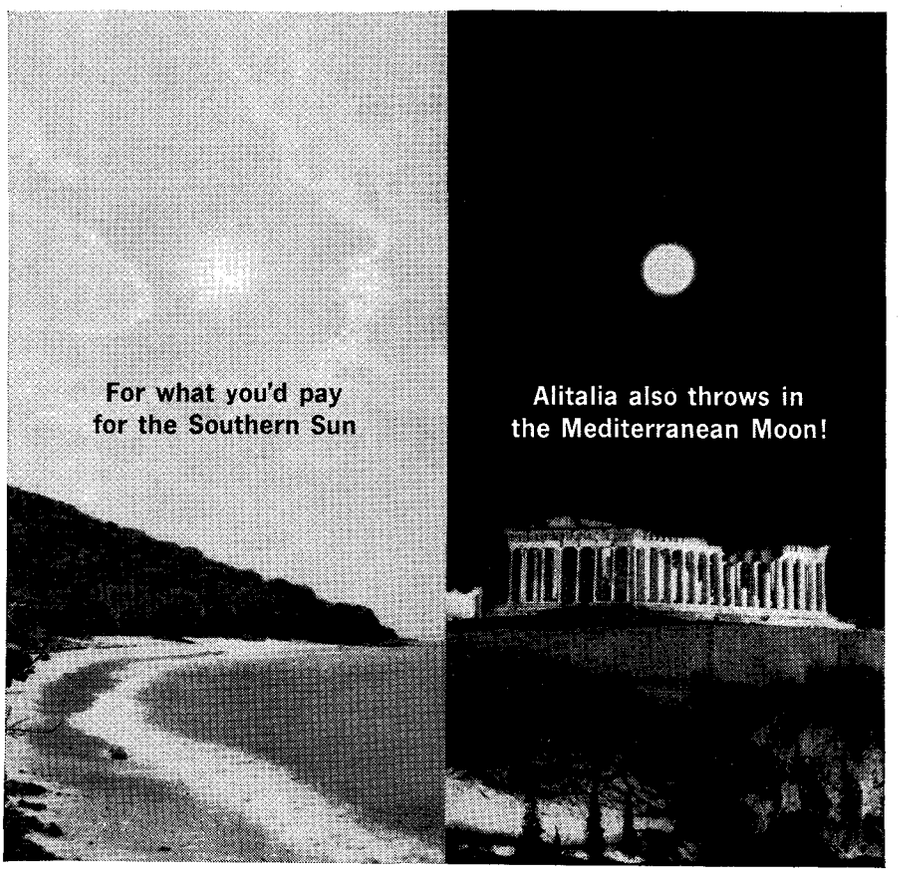
Sitting there, alone by the boathouse at the end of the grass bank, Roger read, too; but less diligently than Etta. Each time a boat went by, he looked up and watched it out of sight. A swan borne toward him on a wake, sitting neatly on top of its reflection, held his attention. Then his place on the page was lost. As well, the sun fell too blindingly upon it. He would glance again at Etta and briefly, with distaste, at his indolent, spread-eagled sister, who had rolled over onto her stomach to give her shiny back, crisscrossed from the grass, its share of sunlight. So the afternoons passed, and they would never have such long ones in their lives again.

Evenings were more social. The terrace with its fringed umbrellas—symbols of gaiety to Etta—became the gathering place. Etta, listening intently, continued her study of love, and as intently Roger studied her with the very emotion which in those others so engrossed her.

"You look still too pale," Mr. Lippmann told her one evening. He put his hands to her face and tilted it to the sun. "You shan't leave us until there are roses in those cheeks." He implied that only in his garden did sun and air give their full benefit. The thought was there and Etta shared it. "Too much of a bookworm, I'm afraid," he added and took one of her textbooks, which she carried everywhere for safety, lest she should be left on her own for a few moments. "'Tess of the D'Urbervilles,'" read out Mr. Lippmann. "Isn't it deep? Isn't it on the morbid side?" Roger was kicking rhythmically at a table leg in glum embarrassment. "This won't do you any good at all, my dear little girl. This won't put the roses in your cheeks."

"You are doing that," his daughter told him—for Etta was blushing, as she always did when Mr. Lippmann spoke to her.

"What's a nice book, Babs?" he



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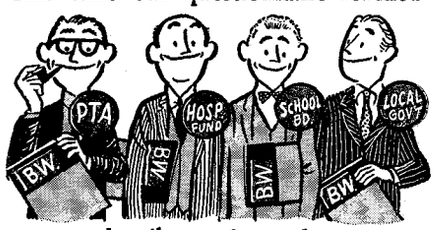
BACKSTAGE AT BUSINESS WEEK

Well stocked. What is the Business Week subscriber *really* like? We asked McGraw-Hill Research to find out for us, and we're mighty pleased with the results. Take the matter of investments. A cross section of 5,380 subscribers were requested to indicate whether they or members of their families owned common stocks. 3,676 answered an unqualified "yes" and 637 replied "no".

This gives us 85%. But wait. How about the 1,067 people who passed up the question entirely? Well, we're in the dark about *them*. But, even supposing they had all answered "no", it still makes our sure percentage of subscribers owning common stocks a whopping 68%. *Quite an affluent audience for an advertiser.*

Well rounded. We would like to applaud our readers on their civic mindedness, too. We've discovered they devote much of their leisure time to local government, school boards, hospital groups and other community activities. This time our questionnaire reached



1,795 subscribers. Out of 1,238 responses, we find that 38% are officers in one or more civic organizations and 28% serve on one or more committees. *Quite a select club for quite a select magazine.*

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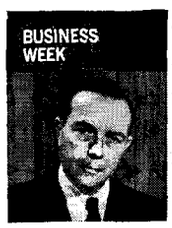

asked his wife, as she came out onto the terrace. "Can't you find a nice story for this child?" The house must be full, he was sure, of wonderfully therapeutic novels if only he knew where to lay hands on them. "Roger, you're our bookworm. Look out a nice storybook for your guest. This one won't do her eyes any good." Buying books with small print was a false economy, he thought, and bound to land one in large bills from an eye specialist before long. "A very shortsighted policy," he explained genially when he had given them a little lecture, to which no one listened. His wife was trying to separate some slippery cubes of ice, and Sarah sprawled in a cane chair with her eyes shut. She was making the most of the setting sun, as Etta was making the most of romance.

"We like the same books," Roger said to his father. "So she can choose as well as I could."

Etta was just beginning to feel a sense of surprised gratitude, had half turned to look in his direction, when the betrothed came through the French windows and claimed her attention.

"In time for a lovely drink," Mrs. Lippmann said to Nora.

"She is too fat already," said David.

Nora swung round and caught his wrists and held them threateningly. "If you say that once more, I'll . . . I'll just . . ."

He freed himself and pulled her close.

She gasped and panted, but leaned heavily against him. "Promise!" she said.

"Promise what?"

"You won't ever say it again?"

He laughed at her mockingly.

They were less the center of attention than they thought—Mr. Lippmann was smiling, but rather at the lovely evening and that the day in London was over; Mrs. Lippmann, impeded by the cardigan hanging over her shoulders, was mixing something in a glass jug; and Sarah had her eyes closed against the evening sun. Only Etta, in some bewilderment, heeded them. Roger, who had his own ideas about love, turned his head scornfully.

Sarah opened her eyes for a moment and stared at Nora, in her mind measuring against her the wedding dress she had been designing. She is too fat for satin, she decided, shutting her eyes again and disregarding the bridal gown for the time being. She returned to thoughts of her own frock, adding a little of what she called "back interest" (though lesser bridesmaids would no doubt obscure it from the congregation—or audience) in the form of long

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velvet ribbons in turquoise . . . or rose? She drew her brows together and with her eyes still shut said, "All the colors of the rainbow aren't very many, are they?"

"Now, Etta dear, what will you have to drink?" asked Mrs. Lippmann.

Just as she was beginning to ask for some tomato juice, Mr. Lippmann interrupted. He interrupted a great deal, for there were a great many things to be put right, it seemed to him. "Now, Mommy, you should give her a glass of sherry with an egg beaten up in it. Roger, run and fetch a nice egg and a whisk, too. . . . All right, Babsie dear, I shall do it myself. . . . Don't worry, child," he said, turning to Etta and seeing her look of alarm. "It is no trouble to me. I shall do this for you every evening that you are here. We shall watch the roses growing in your cheeks, shan't we, Mommy?"

He prepared the drink with a great deal of clumsy fuss and sat back to watch her drinking it, smiling to himself, as if the roses were already blossoming. "Good, good!" he murmured, nodding at her as she drained the glass. Every evening, she thought, hoping that he would forget. But horrible though the drink had been, it was also reassuring; their concern for her was reassuring. She preferred it to the cold anxiety of her mother hovering with pills and thermometer.

"Yes," said Mr. Lippmann. "We shall see. We shall see. I think your parents won't know you." He puffed out his cheeks and sketched with a curving gesture the bosom she would soon have. He always forgot that her father was dead. It was quite fixed in his mind that he was simply a fellow who had obviously not made the grade; not everybody could. Roger bit his tongue hard, as if by doing so he could curb his father's. I must remind him again, Sarah and her mother were both thinking.

THE last day of the visit had an unexpected hazard as well as its own sadness, for Mrs. Salkeld had written to say that her employer would lend her his car for the afternoon. When she had made a business call for him in the neighborhood she would arrive to fetch Etta at about four o'clock.

"She is really to leave us, Mommy?" asked Mr. Lippmann at breakfast, folding his newspaper and turning his attention on his family before hurrying to the station. He examined Etta's face and nodded. "Next time you stay longer and we make rosy apples of these." He patted her cheeks and ruffled her hair. "You tell your Mommy and Dad-

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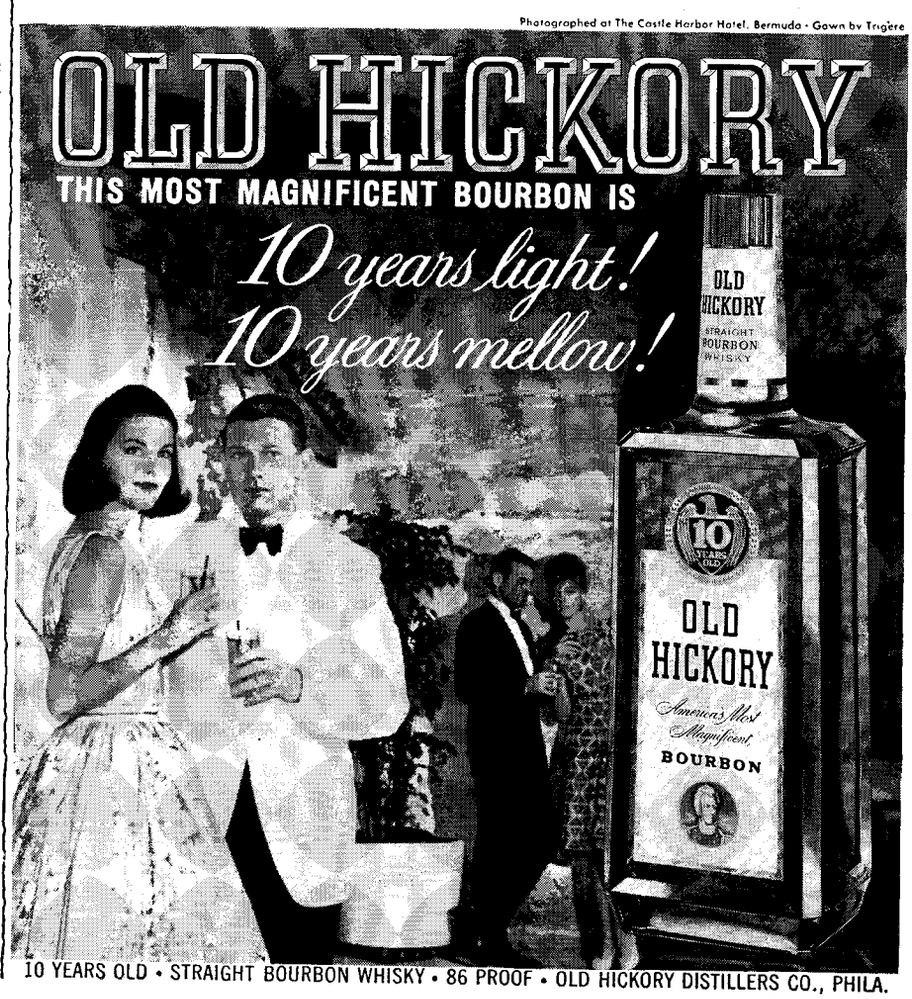
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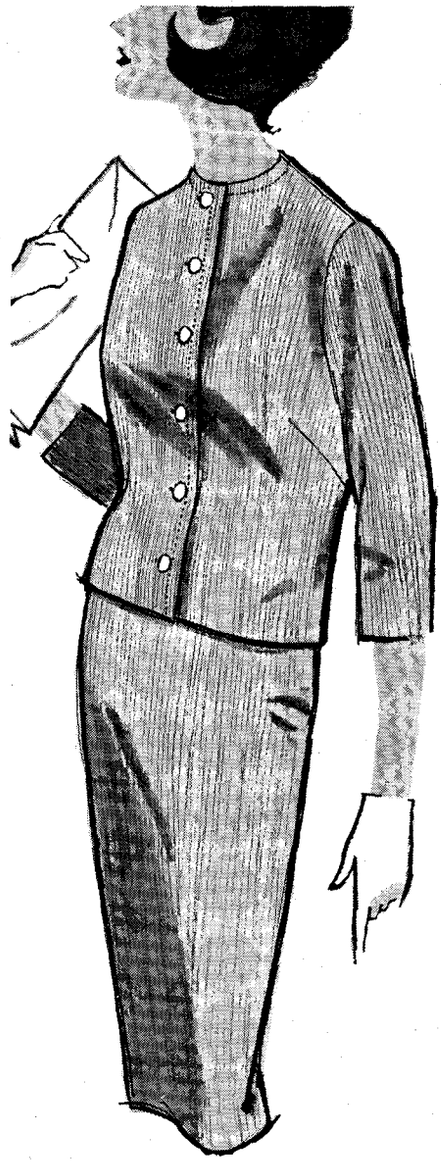

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da next time you stay a whole week."

"She *has* stayed a whole week," said Sarah.

"Then a fortnight, a month."

He kissed his wife, made a gesture as if blessing them all, with his newspaper raised above his head, and went from the room at a trot. And Sarah thought, Thank goodness that he won't be here this afternoon to make kind inquiries about *her* husband.

When she was alone with Etta, she said, "I'm sorry about that mistake he keeps making."

"I don't mind," Etta said truthfully. "I am only embarrassed because I know that you are." That's *nothing*, she thought; but the day ahead was a different matter.

As time passed, Mrs. Lippmann also appeared to be suffering from tension. She went upstairs and changed her matador pants for a linen skirt. She tidied up the terrace and told Roger to take his bathing things off his window sill. As soon as she had stubbed out a cigarette, she emptied and dusted the ashtray. She was conscious that Sarah was trying to see her with another's eyes.

"Oh, do stop taking photographs," Sarah said tetchily to Roger, who had been clicking away with his camera all morning. He obeyed her only because he feared to draw attention to his activities. He had just taken what he hoped would be a very beautiful study of Etta in a typical pose—sitting on the riverbank with a book in her lap. She had lifted her eyes and was gazing across the water as if she were pondering whatever she had been reading. In fact, she had been arrested by thoughts of David and Nora and, although her eyes followed the print, the scene she saw did not correspond with the lines she read. She turned her head and looked at the willow trees on the far bank, the clumps of borage from which moor hens launched themselves. Perhaps next time that I see them, they'll be married and it will all be over, she thought. The evening before, there had been a great deal of high-spirited sparring about between them. Offense meant and offense taken, they assured one another. "If you do that once more . . . I am absolutely serious!" cried Nora. "You are trying not to laugh," David said. "I'm not. I am absolutely serious." "It will end in tears," Roger had muttered contemptuously. Even good-tempered Mrs. Lippmann had looked down her long nose disapprovingly. And that was the last, Etta supposed, that she would see of love for a long time. She was left once again with books. She returned to the one she was reading.

Roger had flung himself onto the ground nearby, appearing to trip over a tussock of grass and collapse. He tried to think of some opening remark that might lead to a discussion of the book. In the end, he asked abruptly, "Do you like that?" She sat brooding over it, chewing the side of her finger. She nodded without looking up and with a similar automatic gesture she waved away a persistent wasp. He leaned forward and clapped his hands together smartly and was relieved to see the wasp drop dead into the grass, although he would rather it had stung him first. Etta, however, had not noticed this brave deed.

The day passed wretchedly for him; each hour was more filled with the doom of her departure than the last. He worked hard to conceal his feelings, in which no one took an interest. He knew that it was all he could do, although no good could come from his succeeding. He took a few more secret photographs from his bedroom window, and then he sat down and wrote a short letter to her, explaining his love.

At four o'clock, her mother came. He saw at once that Etta was nervous, and he guessed that she tried to conceal her nervousness behind a much jauntier manner to her mother than was customary. It would be a bad hour, Roger decided.

His own mother, in spite of her linen skirt, was gaudy and exotic beside Mrs. Salkeld, who wore a navy-blue suit that looked as if it had been sponged and pressed a hundred times—a dreary process unknown to Mrs. Lippmann. The pink-rimmed spectacles that Mrs. Salkeld wore seemed to reflect a little color onto her cheekbones, with the result that she looked slightly indignant about something or other. However, she smiled a great deal and only Etta guessed what an effort it was to her to do so. Mrs. Lippmann gave her a chair where she might have a view of the river and she sat down, making a point of not looking round the room, and smoothed her gloves. Her jewelry was real but very small.

"If we have tea in the garden, the wasps get into Anna's rose-petal jam," said Mrs. Lippmann. Etta was not at her best, she felt—not helping at all. She was aligning herself too staunchly with the Lippmanns, so that her mother seemed a stranger to her, as well. "You see, I am at home here," she implied, as she jumped up to fetch things or hand

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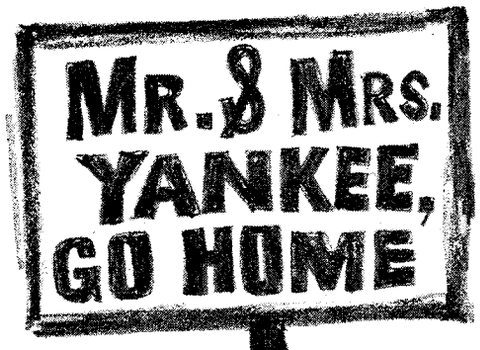

Scratch a European and you'll find an American critic. According to most Europeans, the American male is kind-hearted, ignorant, blundering, simple, ruthless, materialistic, generous, nervous, aggressive. And the American female is everything her husband is, plus immoral, frigid, bossy and artificial. Why, why, why, asks John Masters in this week's Saturday Evening Post, has the image of "the greatest and best country in the world" been so badly distorted? A sampling of his wise (and witty) answers: *Tourists.* "A friend of mine did once hear an American Air Force captain ask his waiter in the Savoy Hotel, London, an extremely chic and expensive caravansary, whether the water was potable." *Power.* "The French and English have lived within twenty miles of each other for about a thousand years. In all that time, the French have not persuaded the English to drink wine as a habit, nor have the British taught the French to like tea and stop pinching pretty girls' behinds. Yet in twenty years both nations have been inundated with blue jeans, rock-and-roll, Elvis Presley, steady dating, teen-age gangs and soft drinks." *Hollywood.* "We have all gaped (in Hollywood movies) at those palatial mansions in which the young married couple struggles for existence. We have all noticed the *soignée* hairdo with which the heroine emerges from near-drowning in the Gowanus Canal (it is in her contract that she must never be photographed in an unbecoming posture). *We* know that Hollywood is offering us an escape from reality, but the impression, in a barn high up in the Pyrenees, is quite different." *Money.* "Young girls like a good time, and when the American G.I. has three times as much money in his pocket as the British private soldier, it is not hard to invent the sort of crack which will spread fast, like this example from England: 'There are four things wrong with the Yanks. They're overfed, overpaid, oversexed—and over here.' " Mr. Masters' article gives causes, suggests cures — and does it all with a Masters touch. It is the kind of writing you find week after week in the Post — the magazine that sets the quickening pace and molds the changing tastes of America's reading families.

A CURTIS MAGAZINE

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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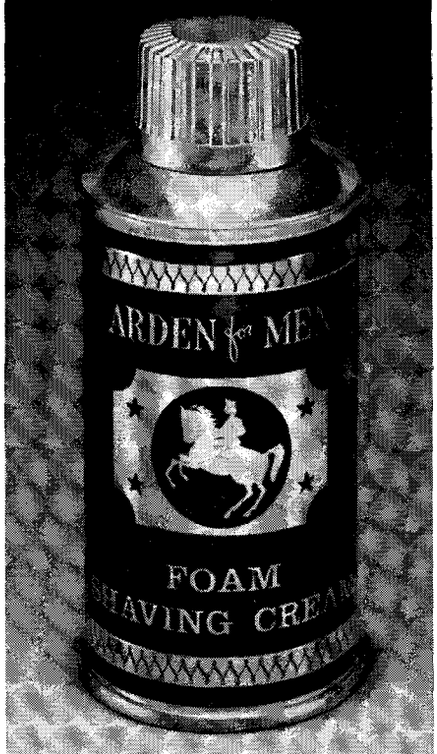
Give yourself a Shave Break



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things round. She was a little daring in her familiarity.

Mrs. Salkeld had contrived the visit because she wanted to understand and hoped to approve of her daughter's friends. Seeing the lawns, the light reflected from the water, later this large, bright room, and the beautiful poppy-seed cake the Hungarian cook had made for tea, she understood completely and felt pained. She could see then, with Etta's eyes, their own dark, narrow house, and she thought of the lonely hours her daughter spent there reading on days of imprisoning rain. The Lippmanns would even have better weather, she thought bitterly. The bitterness affected her enjoyment of the poppy-seed cake. She had, as puritanical people often have, a sweet tooth. She ate the cake with a casual air, determined not to praise.

"You are so kind to spare Etta to us," said Mrs. Lippmann.

"*You* are kind to invite her," Mrs. Salkeld replied, and then for Etta's sake added, "She loves to come to you."

Etta looked self-consciously down at her feet.

"No, I don't smoke," her mother said primly. "Thank you."

Mrs. Lippmann seemed to decide not to, either, but very soon her hand stole out and took a cigarette—while she was not looking, thought Roger, who was having some amusement from watching his mother on her best behavior. Wherever she was, the shagreen cigarette case and the gold lighter were nearby. Ashtrays never were. He got up and fetched one before Etta could do so.

The girls' school was being discussed—one of the few topics the two mothers had in common. Mrs. Lippmann had never taken it seriously. She laughed at the uniform and despised the staff—an attitude she might at least have hidden from her daughter, Mrs. Salkeld felt. The tea trolley was being wheeled away and her eyes followed the remains of the poppy-seed cake. She had planned a special supper for Etta to return to, but she felt now that it was no use. The things of the mind had left room for an echo. It sounded with every footstep or spoken word in that house where not enough was going on. She began to wonder if there were things of the heart and not the mind that Etta fastened upon so desperately when she was reading. Or was her desire to be in a different place, even if only in a book?—if a worse one, she could raise her eyes and look round her own room in relief, and if it should be a better one, then she would benefit from the

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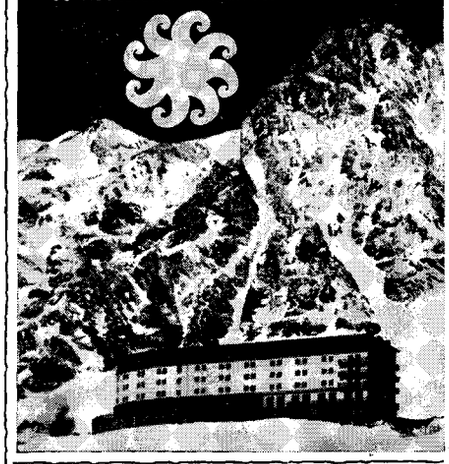

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change. But how can I help her, she asked herself in anguish. What possible change—and radical it must be—can I ever find the strength to effect? People had thought her wonderful to have made her own life and brought up her child alone. She had kept their heads above water and it had taken all her resources to do so.

Her lips began to refuse the sherry Mrs. Lippmann suggested and then, to her surprise and Etta's astonishment, she said "Yes" instead.

It was very early to have suggested it, Mrs. Lippmann thought, but it would seem to put an end to the afternoon. Conversation had been as hard work as she had anticipated and she longed for a dry Martini to stop her from yawning; but something about Mrs. Salkeld seemed to discourage gin-drinking.

"Mother, it isn't half past five yet," said Sarah.

"Darling, don't be rude to your Mummy. I know perfectly well what the time is." (Who better, she wondered.) "And this isn't a public house, you know."

She had flushed a little and was lighting another cigarette. Her bracelets jangled against the decanter as she handed Mrs. Salkeld her glass of sherry, saying, "Young people are so stuffy," with an air of complicity.

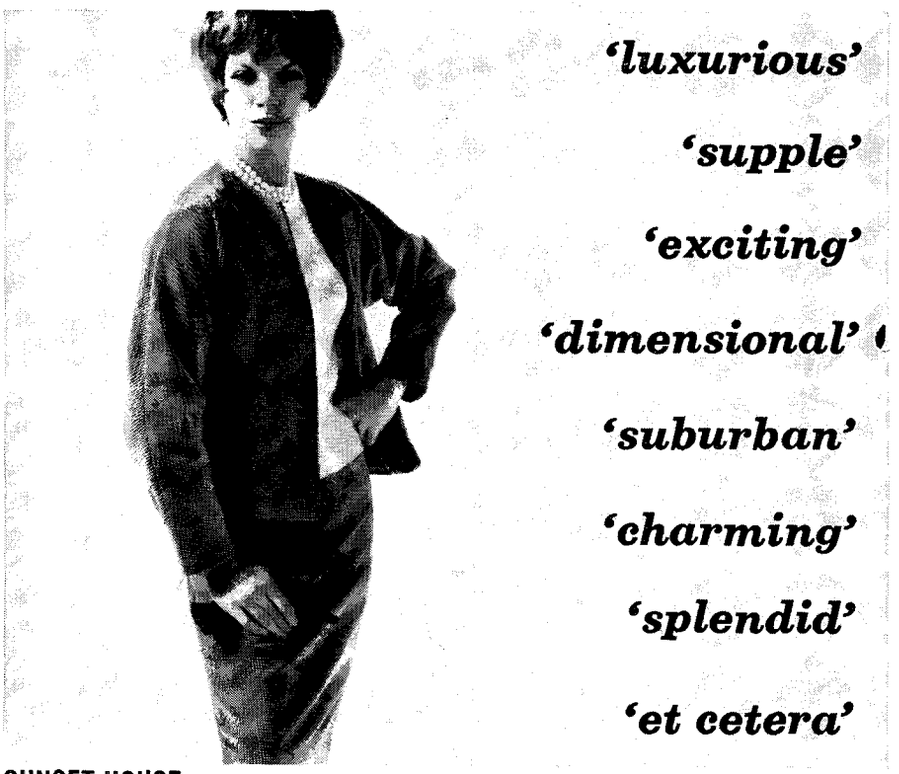
Etta, who had never seen her mother drinking sherry before, watched nervously, as if she might not know how to do it. Mrs. Salkeld—remembering the flavor from Christmas mornings many years ago and, more faintly, from her mother's party trifle—sipped cautiously. In an obscure way, she was doing this for Etta's sake. It may speed her homeward, thought Mrs. Lippmann, playing idly with her charm bracelet, having run out of conversation.

When Mrs. Salkeld rose to go, she looked round the room as if to fix it in her memory—the setting where she would imagine her daughter on future occasions. It was superimposed upon her mind's picture of how it would be.

"And come again soon, there's a darling girl," said Mrs. Lippmann, putting her arm round Etta's shoulder as they walked toward the car. Etta, unused to but not ungrateful for embraces, leaned awkwardly against her. Roger, staring at the gravel, came behind carrying the suitcase.

"I have wasted my return ticket," Etta said.

"Well, that's not the end of the world," her mother said briskly. She thought, but did not say, that perhaps they could claim the amount if they



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wrote to British Railways and explained.

Mrs. Lippmann's easy affection meant so much less than her own stiff endearments, but she resented it all the same, and when she was begged, with enormous warmth, to visit them all again soon, her smile was a prim twisting of her lips.

The air was bright with summer sounds—voices across the water, and rooks up in the elm trees. Roger stood back listening in a dream to the good-byes and thank-yous. Nor was *this* the end of the world, he told himself. Etta would come again and, better than that, they would also grow older and so be less at the mercy of circumstances. He would be in a position to command his life and turn occasions to his own advantage. Meanwhile, he had done what he could. Nonetheless, he felt such dejection, such an overwhelming conviction that it *was* the end of the world after all, that he could not watch the car go down the drive, and he turned and walked quickly—rudely, offhandedly, his mother thought—back to the house.

Mrs. Salkeld, driving homeward in the lowering sun, knew that Etta had tears in her eyes. "I'm glad you enjoyed yourself," she said. Without waiting for an answer, she added, "They are very charming people." She had always suspected charm and rarely spoke of it, but in this case the adjective seemed called for.

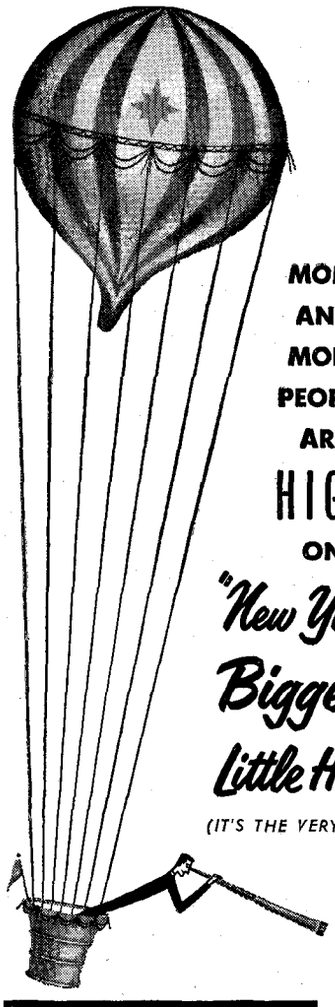
Mr. Lippmann would be coming back from London about now, Etta was thinking. And David will bring Nora. They will all be on the terrace having drinks—dry Martinis, not sherry.

She was grateful to her mother about the sherry and understood that it had been an effort toward meeting Mrs. Lippmann's world halfway; and, on the way back, her mother had not murmured one word of criticism—of the Lippmanns' worldliness or extravagance or the vulgar opulence of their furnishings. She had even made a kind remark about them.

I might buy her a new dress, Mrs. Salkeld thought—something like the one Sarah was wearing. Though it does seem a criminal waste when she has all her good school clothes to wear out.

They had come onto the main road, and evening traffic streamed by. In the distance the gasholder looked pearl gray and the smoke from factories was pink in the sunset. They were nearly home. Etta, who had blinked her tears back from her eyes, took a sharp breath, almost a sigh.

Their own street with its tall houses was in shadow. "I wish we had a cat,"



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said Etta, as she got out of the car and saw the next-door tabby looking through the garden railings. She imagined burying her face in its warm fur, it loving only her. To her surprise, her mother said, "Why not?" Briskly, she went up the steps and turned the key, with its familiar grating sound, in the lock. The house, with its smell—familiar, too—of floor polish and stuffiness, looked secretive. Mrs. Salkeld, hardly noticing this, hurried to the kitchen to put the casserole of chicken in the oven.

Etta carried her suitcase upstairs. On the dressing table was a jar of marigolds. She was touched by this—just when she did not want to be touched. She turned her back on them and opened her case. On the top was the book she had left on the terrace. Roger had brought it to her at the last moment. Taking it now, she found a letter inside. Simply "Etta" was written on the envelope.

Roger had felt that he had done all he was capable of, and that was to write in the letter those things he could not have brought himself to say even if he had had an opportunity. No love letter could have been less anticipated and Etta read it twice before she could realize that it was neither a joke nor a mistake. It was the most extraordinary happening of her life, the most incredible.

Her breathing grew slower and deeper as she sat staring before her, pondering her mounting sense of power. It was as if the whole Lippmann family, Nora as well, had proposed to her. To marry Roger—a long, long time ahead though she must wait to do so—would be the best possible way of belonging.

She got up stiffly—for her limbs now seemed too clumsy a part of her body, with its flyaway heart and giddy head—and went over to the dressing table and stared at herself in the glass. "I am I," she thought, but she could not believe it. She stared and stared, but could not take in the tantalizing idea.

After a while, she began to unpack. The room was a place of transit, her temporary residence. When she had made it tidy, she went downstairs to thank her mother for the marigolds.

—Elizabeth Taylor

•

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[From Time, May 25, 1942]

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LETTER FROM LONDON

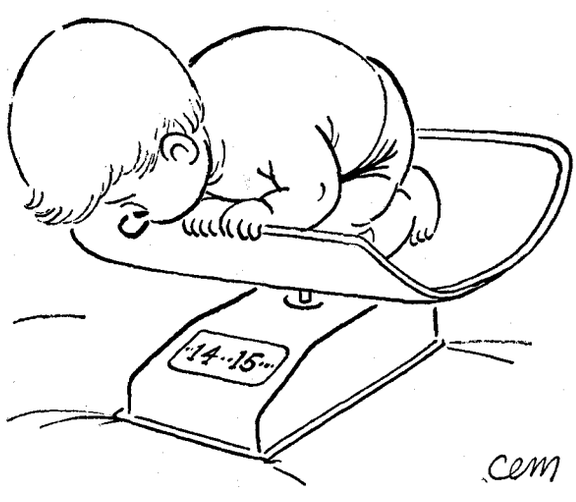
JULY 18

THE thought of an appointment in Berlin is lying uneasily at the back of everyone's enjoyment of summer. The general opinion seems to be that the international scene has darkened considerably of late, and the recent spectacle of the Soviet Union and the United States flexing their muscles in each other's direction lowered people's spirits by several notches. In spite of this and whatever bad news for the world may lie ahead, Londoners have flocked to three first-rate shows put on here by the Russians (who are perhaps not unmindful of dates, either)—Major Yuri Gagarin; the Soviet trade exhibition, at the big Earls Court display hall; and the famous Leningrad State Kirov Ballet, for which queues waited through the night to get tickets when booking opened at the Covent Garden Opera House. Of these attractions, Major Gagarin has naturally made the most triumphant national impact on the millions who saw him on television, as well as on the London and Manchester crowds who cheered him in the genial, disarmingly modest flesh—the first man to get into outer space, who happens also to be an extremely likable citizen of a country that, to many untravelled Britons, seems like a kind of outer space, too. As an ambassador to catch the popular fancy, he was probably worth a barrel of embassies. The Russians had first said that he would not be present at their trade exhibition—only his canned voice, echoing around the starry ceiling of their Cosmos Hall, with its display of spaceships and sputniks. Then, with a characteristic adroit switch, they announced, on the opening day, that he would turn up the following week. After a spate of grumbles in the House of Commons and in the press that the authorities were not laying on a sufficiently gala welcome for such a visitor, the Major was given the full works: lunch at Buckingham Palace (where the other guests, apparently already invited for what has become a regular series of informal palace parties of well-known people in various spheres, included the lady governor of Holloway Prison for Women, the chairman of the All-England Tennis and Croquet Club, and Bud Flanagan, one of the uproarious Crazy Gang comedians), twenty minutes with the Prime Minister, and—laid on spontaneously—an extraordinary outburst of welcome from the public, which could hardly have acted more generously if he had been a Hero of the British Commonwealth.

The Major arrived late at the Soviet exhibition, where he was to lunch on Tuesday, the day of his arrival, and crowds had been patiently waiting in the hot sun for him. The numbers of young people were notable—young men in open-necked sports shirts and jeans, girls in cotton frocks and beehive hairdos. When Gagarin arrived, standing up in the back of a Rolls-Royce and looking unexpectedly capsule-size in build and extremely nice, he had been receiving cheers from the packed pavements all the way from the Soviet Embassy, and he was beaming with pleasure at everything, including the new warm cheers that broke out from the watchers around the exhibition hall and on the roofs and at the windows of surrounding houses. He descended and vanished from view into the building, encircled by policemen, welcoming British officials, stout Soviet bodies in dark suits, and the jam of people in the entrance hall, who surged forward waving their exhibition programs, holding up their children to see him, and lustily acclaiming the march of science as it stepped forth in a well-cut uniform with a chestful of ribbons.

The so-called press conference that the Major held at the exhibition in the afternoon was a strange affair, organized with highly unscientific confusion. It was to take place in the large upstairs hall where Soviet fashion shows were given every day, but when we journalists tried to board the elevators, we were told that they were reserved for the Gagarin lunch guests; as for the solitary escalator leading up to the hall, it was blocked by a large mob of visitors waiting at the foot in the hope of a glimpse of the astronaut. In the fashion theatre, at which correspondents finally arrived panting after tramping up an unadvertised staircase and traversing a concrete wilderness of empty floors, large numbers of "the press" were already seated comfortably, clutching shopping bags and lollipop-sucking children—members of the public, it turned out, who had wandered in, maybe up the escalator, maybe from outer space, without anybody's asking for passes.

The Major finally showed up carrying an enormous bouquet of gladioli, with which he contrived to look still cheerful and unembarrassed. After he had shed it, he stood on the platform clapping politely back at us, Russian style, and the questions began, umpired by the Soviet Ambassador, Mr. Soldatov, and translated by a remarkable interpreter. On the whole, they were feeble stuff. Faced with a pleasant young man just back from the cosmos, the working press seemed afflicted by the same sort of paralysis that overtakes someone making a telephone call across the ocean: Is everything all right and the weather good? Maybe the serious correspondents got overlooked among the assembled tourists. With few exceptions, the questions concentrated on asking if everything was all right and the weather good out there in space; if the Major could speak English ("Unfortunately, I studied German at technical school"); whether his wife had known about his takeoff and, if not, how she felt about it afterward ("Our relations are as they have always been"); if he had bad dreams; whether women would make good astronauts; what he thought about during his flight; and so on. A high Asian voice, its owner hidden behind the television cameras and lights, desired to know whether Major Gagarin had experienced "a sense of eternity" as he circled the little globe in his Vostok. The Major smiled and shook his head—no sense of eternity, he said, adding quietly, "Perhaps I fail to understand it." The cosmos, he seemed to say, is enough to get along with. An African in a striped robe climbed on a chair and delivered a long, genial question (mostly inaudible in our section of the audience), which appeared to consist in part of inviting the Major to visit Africa. Major Gagarin answered everything with intelligence and diplomacy, giving away nothing, remaining courteous and engaging throughout. If the press con-



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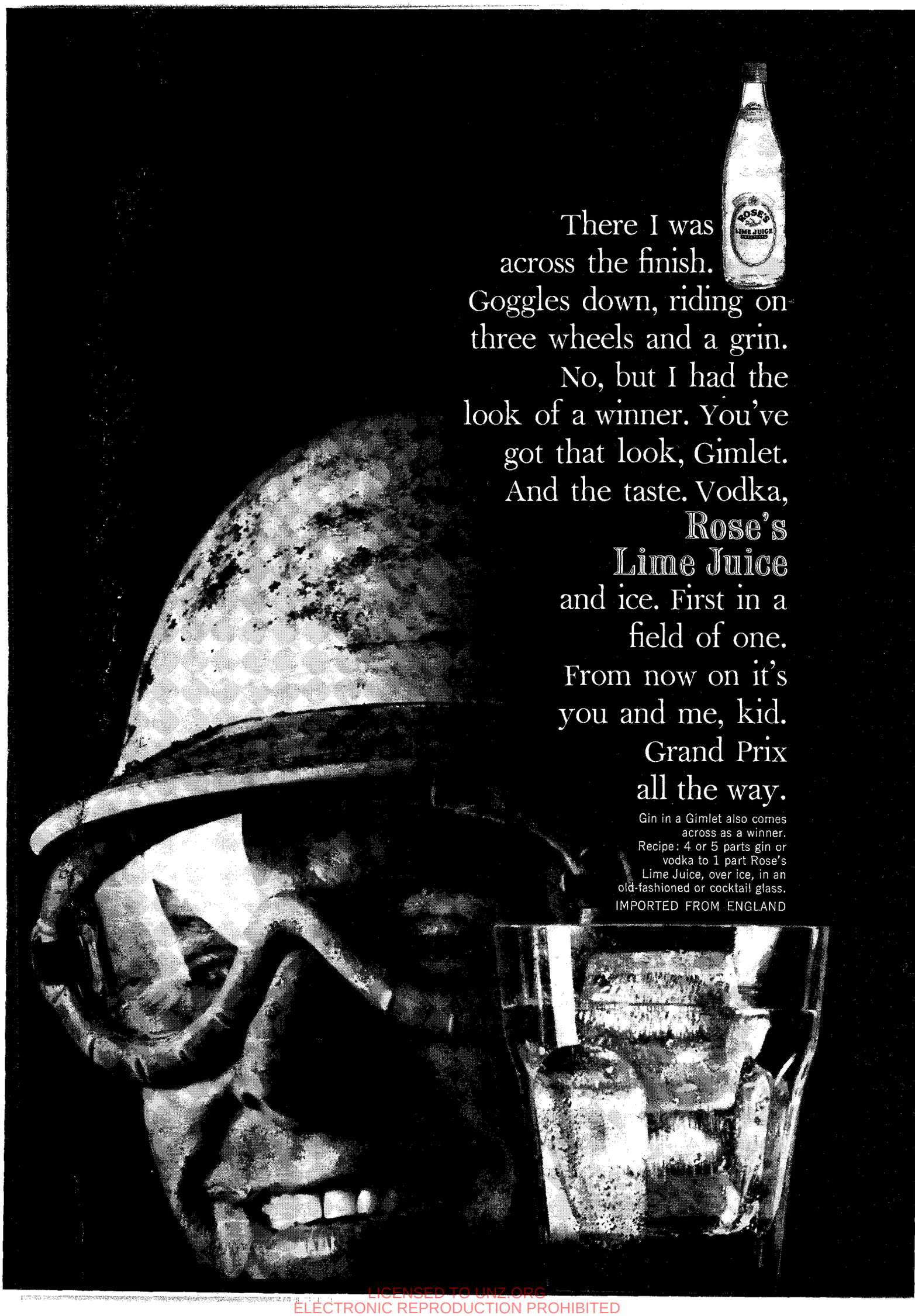
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ference was unprofessionally organized, his was an impressively professional performance. Though he said that he was hoping for another space trip, it may well seem politic to Mr. Khrushchev to keep this admirable envoy circulating on the ground for the present.

When the Major left the fashion theatre, having received a medal from a deputation of the British Interplanetary Society who suddenly filed up on the platform, he was supposed to take a little tour around his country's exhibition, but, ironically, the enthusiasm of the milling crowds waiting for him downstairs made this simple journey impossible. All that the police could do was to form a cordon around him and somehow fight a way for him to his car. It was an extraordinary demonstration of public warmth and liking, repeated throughout his visit and by no means confined to teen-agers. Considering that it followed so closely on the grim new noises from the Soviet Union, it was doubly extraordinary and, in a way, inspiriting, as though human beings were getting together to demonstrate obstinately that the heart and its friendly impulses are stronger than the bomb or fright of it.

EVEN without Major Gagarin, the Soviet exhibition is drawing large crowds. It is the return match for the British Trade Fair that was successfully held in Moscow in May and June this year, and its big aim, naturally, is not only to sell goods but also, rather pointedly, to impress on manufacturers and ordinary citizens here the fact that Soviet society has now reached a degree of material prosperity where it is interested in buying consumer goods for itself. The Russians brought along and set up ten thousand exhibits for the show, which will be open until July 29th and is fascinating, exhausting (visitors literally drop in their tracks and perch or lie about on the edges of the stands), badly signposted, not well arranged, and also rather cheering. The ideology is mostly concentrated in the entrance hall, where people stop to read the freedoms enjoyed by citizens of the U.S.S.R., enumerated in block letters around a towering white central cube—freedom of speech, of the press, of assembly (including mass meetings), of processions and demonstrations, and of religious worship, no less. Most of the visitors appear to digest this information without comment before stumping impassively on. At least one of the propaganda points in this section is now out of date, though, as is being frequently remarked—the photomural of a

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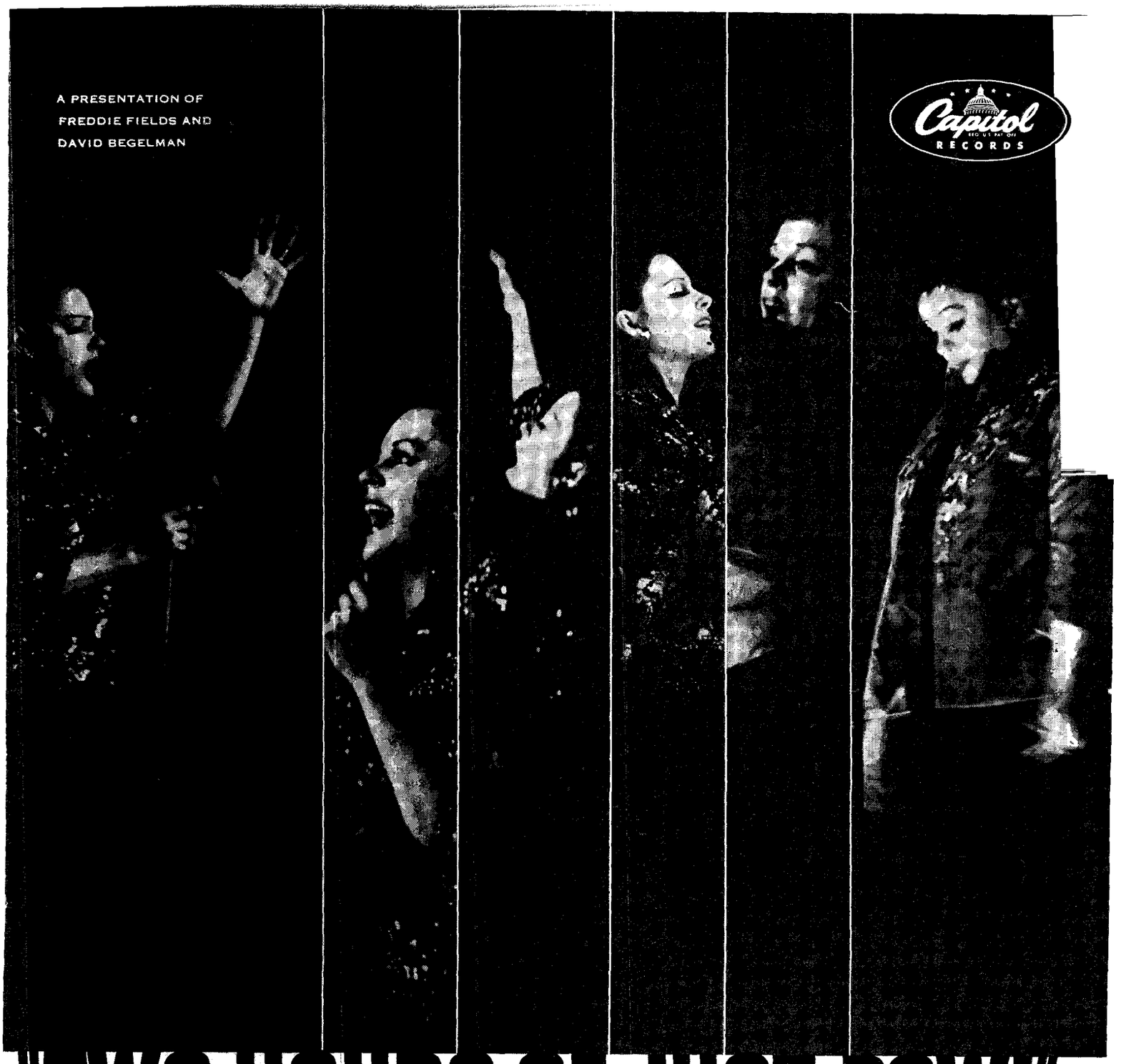

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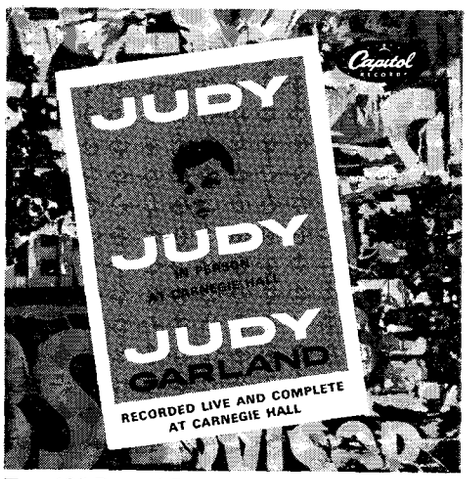

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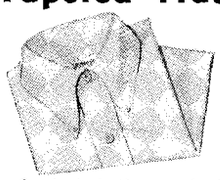

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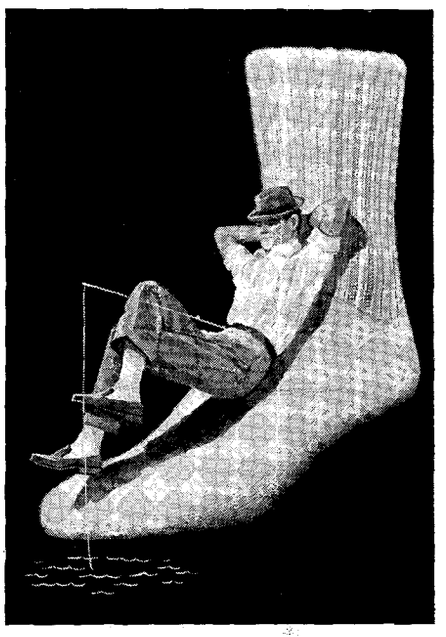
handsome young soldier, accompanied by the caption, "The Soviet Union is unilaterally reducing its armed forces by a third." There are acres of sleek, beautiful electronic equipment; machine tools and scientific instruments; models of power stations, atomic plants, and factories; agricultural machinery set amid pretty shocks of wheat (no talk of the reported food shortage here); black Moskvich and Volga automobiles for Soviet bigwigs; photographs of the new towns and rebuilt Stalingrad; and endless statistics about everything, with blown-up photographs of the good Russian faces of smiling athletes, thoughtful women scientists, happy families. The most popular sections are those showing the everyday things of life that tell about people—food and drink, clothes, furniture, and amusements. To judge by comments, the eats and drinks were a melancholy disappointment to Londoners, who are accustomed to free nibbles at such shows—mounds of elegantly plaited and folded Russian bread, and pink cookies cut out in the shape of Picasso's peace dove (but not a single sugary feather for the munching), situated close to a display of implacably tinned caviar surrounding a glum-looking stuffed sturgeon, and pyramids of Georgian and Crimean wines and vodka standing coldly in their bottles. Pop records of Moscow hits and charming, gay little wooden bear musicians and farmyard fowl that scrape fiddles or peck grain when you pull a string have been selling like wildfire, though. There are no Pasternak volumes to be seen in the book section. The women's fashions are spoiled in most cases by sleazy materials. The furs look warm. All in all, the whole rambling, chaotic exhibition, interesting and revealing of much, gives an impression of enormous pride in everything, like that of a householder who insists on showing you the house from roof to cellar and pointing out the improvements in comfort and living space that have taken many years of hard work to bring about. On July 30th, the day after the exhibition packs up, the Russians are expected to announce their new economic program, covering the next twenty years.

THE Leningrad State Kirov dancers chose to open their short Covent Garden season with "The Stone Flower," a modern ballet with a score by Prokofieff and new choreography, by Yuri Grigorovich, replacing that of the original 1954 creation, which was devised by Leonid Lavrovsky, the choreographer of the famed "Romeo and



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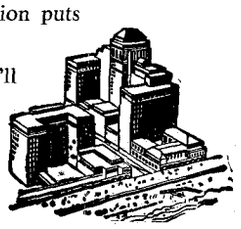

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Juliet." The critics were mostly stuffy in their notices, holding that the scenery and the costumes were poor and that large chunks of Party ideology were mixed up with the brew, which is fairy-tale stuff. It concerns a young sculptor who leaves his sweetheart to follow the Fairy of the Copper Mountain, who teaches him the ultimate secrets of his art (the stone flower with which he is eternally tinkering is a very dismal-looking specimen of papier-mâché *art nouveau*, truth to tell) and finally, touched by the faithful lovers, lets him return from her metallic fastness to the simple collective-village life. The fable has been fitted with overtones of Soviet moralizing—some of it comic, as when the villain, a nasty, drunken landowner, superbly and wittily danced by Anatoli Gridin, pursues the charming little heroine, Alla Sizova, who repels his lurching capitalist advances by seizing a symbolic sickle. (An irreverent critic supposed that the poor girl had temporarily mislaid her hammer.) Nobody had anything but ecstatic praise for the thrilling, superlative dancing. Yuri Soloviev, as the bewitched sculptor, performed prodigies of bravura in his astonishing, hurtling leaps through the air. The highlight of the ballet is a fair-ground scene that echoes "Petrouchka," with weaving patterns of gypsies, peasants, clowns, and peddlers, all dressed in screaming, clashing colors and bounding and spinning gloriously. The company subsequently appeared in three classics—"The Sleeping Beauty," "Giselle," and "Swan Lake." It is a splendid, youthful troupe that London has acclaimed with rapture.

ALL the interest in and cordial admiration of these Soviet importations, timed at a moment when the British may soon be asked to face appalling tests of nerve on Berlin, show nothing really new. In spite of all the harsh disappointments of vanishing summits and the rest of the setbacks, it seems that the people of this country have always been ready to like the Russian people over the heads of their leaders, and believe (as many Britons feel that Americans may not believe) that coexistence must be made to work. "In welcoming Gagarin," commented the *Observer* on its editorial page, "we are certainly saying unofficially that we wish to live as neighbours with the Soviet Union and to settle our differences peacefully, whereby we are implying that it is as false to equate Khrushchev with Hitler as to suggest that Britain is less courageous than the United

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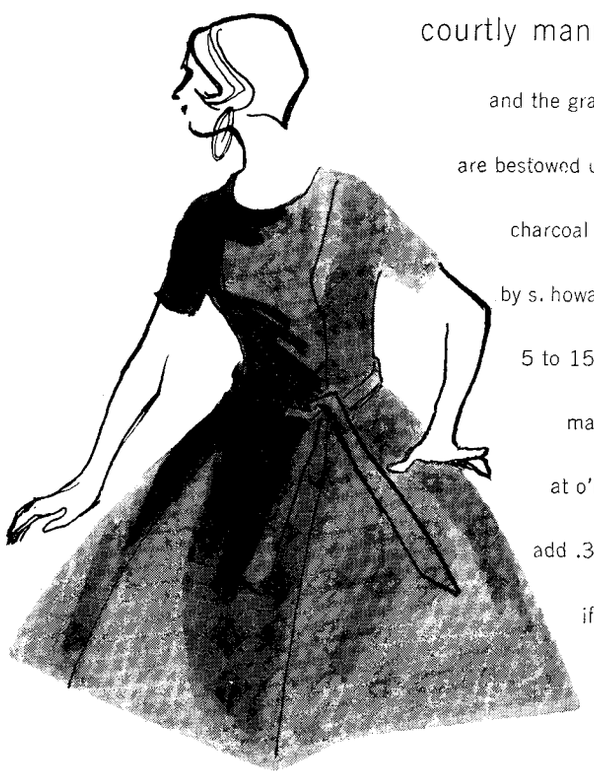

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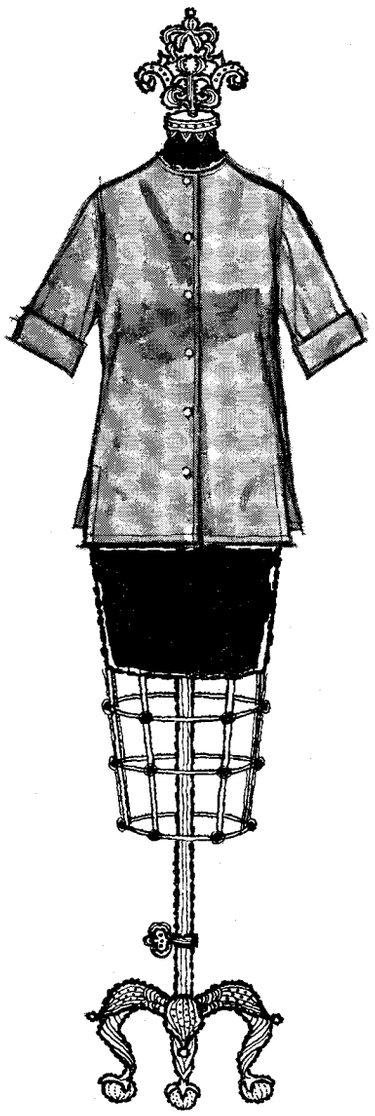

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States. If our reception of Gagarin is taken to mean more or less than this, it will have been misunderstood." This seems to sum up much of the feeling here. Mr. Macmillan has repeatedly stated that Britain stands firm on Berlin while not closing the door on genuine negotiations, and negotiations are what people say they believe it will come to, because they do not concede that anything else is possible for the West or for the proud householder now showing off his latest home comforts at Earls Court.

All the same, the gloom is considerable. As a purely domestic cause for nervous suspense, the Government has served notice that the nation has been having it too good at home, spending too much abroad, and not exporting enough to balance the spree. The pound is again in serious danger, and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, is shortly to announce cuts in spending, which are to be clamped down on Government departments, industry, wage-earners, and ordinary citizens, and will undoubtedly be highly unpopular with all of them. The air is thick with conjectures, all grim. It is also expected that the Government will at any moment now announce its decision on whether it intends to seek admission to the Common Market, on which it has been wavering, many citizens think, fatally long. Whereas ten years ago Britain might have led Europe, now she will step onto the Continent, if at all, with a distinctly qualified welcome—from France, in particular—and, furthermore, the Commonwealth countries have been uttering loud cries of protest. Here at home, the farmers are up in arms against it, and so is a section of the Conservative Party, but the majority of the big industrial firms, according to the findings of a newspaper whip-around, are for it. This late summer looks as though it will be a testing time for Mr. Macmillan's Government, as for all of us. —MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

The first major discount house on Fifth Avenue will open next spring in premises occupied for years by a store that once catered to the carriage trade.

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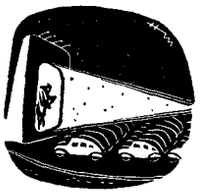
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Along the Road

I MUST be gingerly in my praise of the Russian film "Fate of a Man," for fear of doing it more harm than good. Easy enough to call it a first-rate achievement and well worth your going to see; my difficulty begins when I try to tell you why, because I am then duty-bound to report that it consists of scene after scene of almost unrelieved misery, and that only in the last few moments of the picture can one be sure that its battered protagonist finds life not merely precious as compared to death—he has demonstrated an animal-like instinct for survival in a whole series of extraordinary feats of derring-do—but precious in itself: a thing to be celebrated, to rejoice over, even in pain and without hope. Still, if I cannot pretend you will have a good time at this picture, I'm certain you will be glad you went, and it's possible that you will leave the theatre feeling, as I did, curiously elated by the dogged and unexpected "yes" you have heard uttered—a "yes" not unlike the one that fills the final sequences of Rossellini's "General della Rovere."



The simple story told in "Fate of a Man" is all the more affecting for its lack of subtlety; like so many rough-hewn blocks of stone laid up mortarless one on another, the episodes of the hero's life are slowly, gravely set in place before our eyes, creating an impression of crushing weight and veracity. Here is a young carpenter, Sokolov, falling in love, marrying, having children. Time passes, the Second World War breaks out, and as a beginning-to-be-middle-aged man he is called into service and assigned to driving a truck at the front. Captured by the Germans, he is sent from one prison camp to another, attempts escape, fails, is punished, again attempts escape, and this time succeeds. He returns home on leave to discover that his wife and daughters have been killed in an air raid. Another blow is yet to fall—his gifted son, also in the service, is killed in action, and the father is summoned to attend the public funeral. It is Job—or worse than Job, for poor Sokolov is not being used by God as a plaything or a measure; circumstance is what keeps beating him to his knees, and no sooner does he stagger to his feet than it blindly strikes him down again. Yet he lives and wants to live, and in the universal dishevelment of the war's end he encounters and makes friends with a little half-starved orphan boy. The boy longs for a father, Sokolov longs for a son. The lie is quickly told—"I am your father"—and the child scarcely needs to believe it in order to accept it. Between them they have invented a family and a future, and we leave them walking along a road in the bleak Russian countryside in search of nothing surer, or more necessary, than a place where they will be able to stop walking.

"Fate of a Man" was produced and directed by Sergei Bondarchuk, who plays the title role. Mr. Bondarchuk has a powerful physique, a grizzled, craggy face, and practically X-ray eyes, and the authority of his acting is something to behold. The little boy is played by Pavlik Boriskin, and there's no point in my trying to avoid the word that fits him best—he is irresistible.

"MISTY" is a movie. It is a movie about ponies. The ponies are wild. They are wild because a Spanish galleon was wrecked on the Virginia shore and there were some horses in the hold and the horses escaped and swam ashore and Thomas Edison invented the motion-picture camera and Twentieth Century-Fox took its cameras to Chincoteague, Virginia, and made this picture starring David Ladd and Arthur O'Connell. I have been told in no uncertain terms that "Misty" is quite a good movie, especially if you are a child, and super-especially if you are a child who likes horses. Since I am not a child and, to make matters worse, have always been scared to death of horses, my opinion is not worth much, but I *did* like some shots of native Chincoteagueans acting their leathery old heads off. —BRENDAN GILL

•

The above outlines the credit-interest rate pattern now shaping up and it shouts a vital message to millions of Americans. To put that message in bluntest terms:

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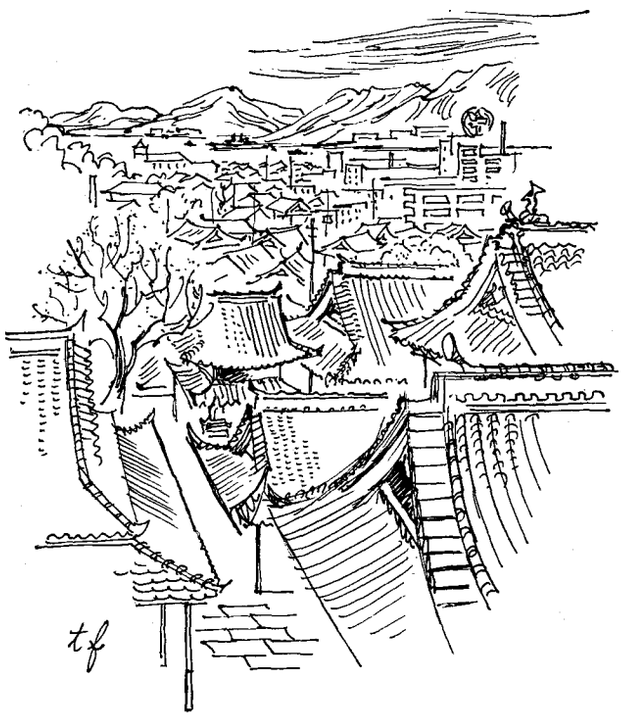
LETTER FROM NAGASAKI

CENTURIES before the morning of August 9, 1945—when, at exactly 11:02 A.M., as is attested by mangled timepieces on exhibit here, Nagasaki became one of the two cities in the world that have been devastated by atomic bombs—this ancient seaport on Japan's southwesternmost island had attained international celebrity. From the early part of the seventeenth century, when the Tokugawa Shogunate ordered Japan sequestered from all contact with Occidental influences, to the middle of the nineteenth century, when Commodore Perry nudged the country's door open, Nagasaki was the only Japanese spot in which Westerners were tolerated. Portuguese ships had first put into the magnificent, hill-rimmed bay in 1571, during an era when Spanish and Dutch vessels, carrying missionaries and merchants, were also penetrating various Japanese ports. In 1636, the powers-that-were in Japan decided that the foreigners were getting around too much. As a consequence of their decision, off one edge of Nagasaki a three-and-a-half-acre area of bay was laboriously filled in, and on the resulting island, called Deshima, all Portuguese were confined—the Spanish having meanwhile been expelled from Japan entirely, and the Dutch having been restricted to a trading post up the coast. Then the Japanese authorities, one especially xenophobic day, decided that they didn't want the Portuguese around at all—largely because the latter, like the Spaniards, insisted on abetting Christian missionary work. The Dutch, who didn't care much about proselytizing, were ordered to move to Deshima, which, for the next two centuries, was Japan's only link with the Western world. After Perry's arrival in 1853, other Westerners gravitated toward Nagasaki, both because of its good harbor and because it was the capital of a province rich in coal. The crews of Russian ships frozen out of Vladivostok often spent whole winters here, and at the time of the Russo-Japanese War the city was an internment center for Russian prisoners. Today, the older citizens of Nagasaki recall that it was not at all uncommon forty or fifty years ago to see shop signs in Russian. Foreign ships from everywhere made Nagasaki a principal port of call; both Great Britain and the United States used to maintain consulates here.

Nagasaki still bears traces of the first Christian missionaries, the most prominent of whom was Francis Xavier.



The religious seeds these men planted took root surprisingly fast, but they had a hard time growing. The rulers of Japan four hundred years ago considered Christianity a threat to their preëminence, and persecuted both its advocates and adherents with vim. Individuals suspected of harboring Catholic leanings were offered the choice of publicly trampling upon a cross or being crucified. In 1597, twenty-six diehard Christians, later canonized, were crucified in one day. Not long afterward, a much larger group, of more than thirty thousand Christians, holed up defensively in a fortress outside the city, and were in due course besieged and annihilated.

By the start of the seventeenth century, many Chinese had begun to drift into Nagasaki, which is nearer to China than any other major Japanese port. In 1629, prudently demonstrating their total lack of sympathy with Christianity, the Chinese settlers built a glittering Buddhist temple, which is now a Japanese national treasure (admission ten yen; Christians welcome). The Chinese of Nagasaki played an increasingly large part in the life of the city, which became famous for Chinese festivals and Chinese cuisine. Many contemporary Nagasaki homes contain Chinese furniture. In the days before the Second World War, two passenger ships, called the Nagasaki and the Shanghai, used to ply regularly between their namesake ports, and Nagasaki was a favorite destination for Shanghai families on vacation outings.

Now Yokohama, Kobe, and other Japanese ports have forged ahead of Nagasaki commercially. On Deshima (which, as a result of latter-day reclamation projects, is no longer an island), a few old, unoccupied Dutch buildings still stand, along stone-slab streets that the Netherlanders built. A short drive away, a principal tourist attraction is the former home of a late-nineteenth-century English businessman named Thomas Glover; this rambling Victorian structure sits high on a hill overlooking the bay, and is popularly supposed to have been the place where the moon-struck Mme. Butterfly sat and gazed longingly out to sea for her Navy man. There are now barely a hundred Westerners in Nagasaki, among them two Portuguese and a solitary Dutchman, but, in line with its unusual religious heritage, some twenty thousand of its three hundred and fifty thousand Japanese residents are Christians. The city still has a Chinatown, but instead of the thousands of Chinese who once dwelt here, there were, at last count, a mere six hundred and fifty-four. One can still get a sense of what Nagasaki must have been like in its more cosmopolitan days, though, by visiting its foreign cemeteries; there are two of them, both now unkempt and weed-grown. One (many of whose tombstones carry inscriptions in Russian) dates back to 1648, and its oldest stone is that of a Dutch diplomat who never saw Nagasaki but died on shipboard en route to it in that year. International romances like Mme. Butterfly's abound in the city's history, and here lie also a few Japanese women renowned locally for their love of vanished Western sailors. In the other Western cemetery, which was new at the turn of this century, is the grave of a notably starry-

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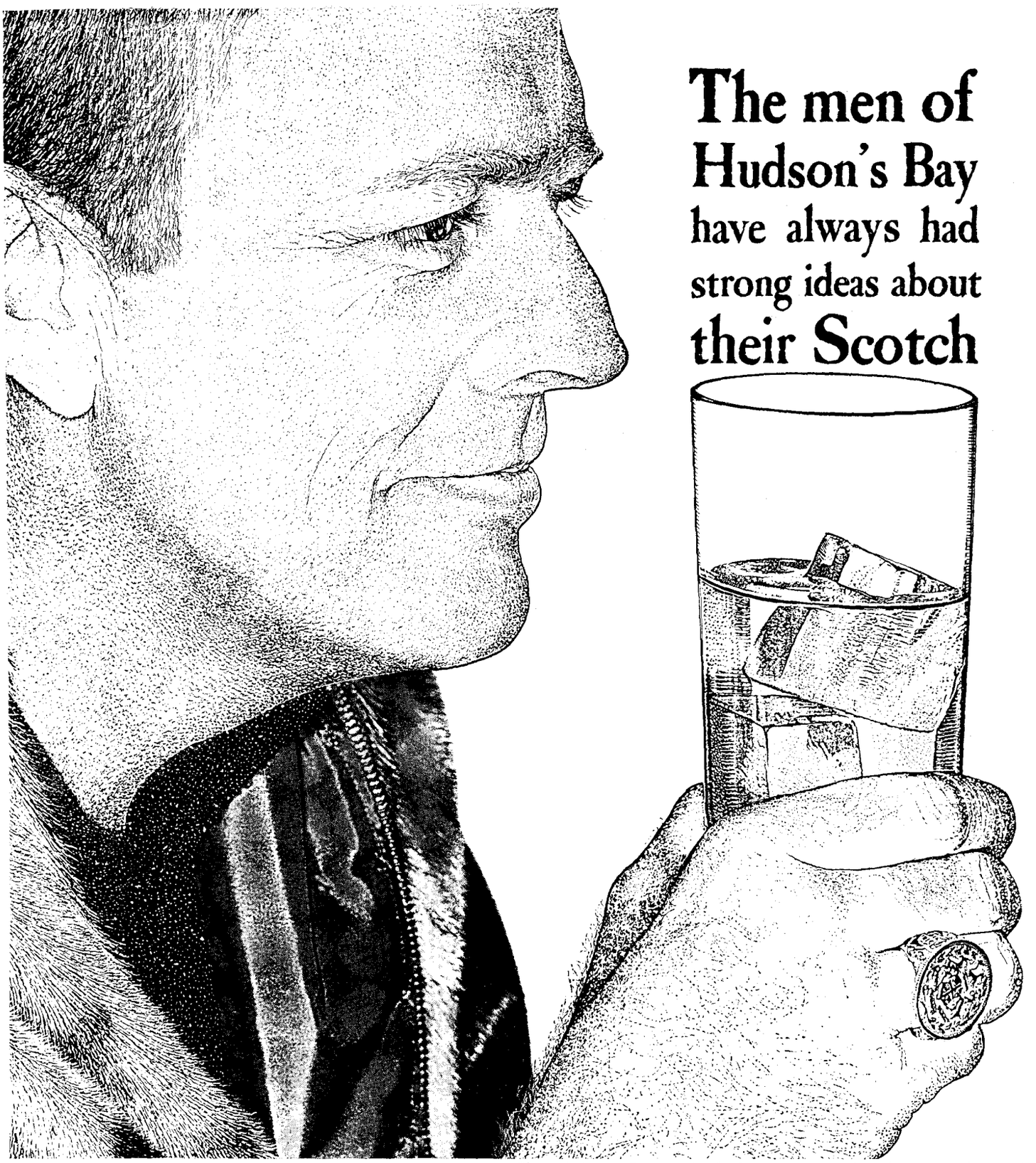

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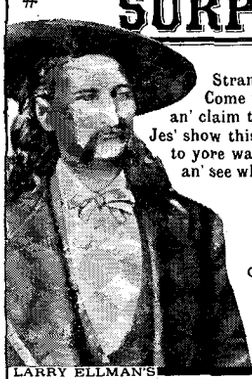

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eyed and star-crossed French bachelor, who, the story goes, lived alone for forty years treasuring a pillow that had belonged to a geisha who jilted him. Thomas Glover and his wife are buried here, and so are approximately a platoon of French Marines; the late chief engineer of the Indo-Chinese vessel E-Sang; some American Methodist missionaries; a man memorialized as an acting apothecary in the United States Navy; and a British harbor-and-coast pilot, whose gravestone bears bas-reliefs of binoculars, a telescope, a steering wheel, and an anchor. Over the grave of a woman who died in 1903, at the age of thirty-six, there stands a stone upon which appear the words, inscribed at the behest of her bereaved husband, "Sweet flower transplanted to a grave where never comes the blight of time." Time has come blightingly, after all; the stone is precariously atilt. Nearby is the resting place of a man who had two names, one Ceylonese, one Portuguese, and not far from that is the grave of a Swede whose stone reads, "Sacred to the memory of Niels Lundberg, generally known as Charlie Brown, who departed this life 22nd October 1903 age 68 years." Why Niels Lundberg should have been generally known as Charlie Brown there is no caretaker around to tell.

DEATH is a subject that has necessarily been much on Nagasaki minds these last sixteen years. The atomic bomb did little serious damage in the shipyards and the main business section, but it wiped out the predominantly industrial northern quarter of the city. There is still special bitterness over the fact that the hypocenter—the point directly above which the bomb burst—was very close to a large primary school and to the Urakami Church, which, with a seating capacity of six thousand, was the biggest Catholic edifice in Japan. (The hypocenter, it must be said, was even closer to a torpedo factory.) As is also true in Hiroshima, a hundred and eighty-five miles to the northeast, almost no traces of the catastrophe are visible today. Hiroshima has deliberately left the stark skeleton of its ruined Industrial Exhibition Hall standing; Nagasaki has moved a couple of the pillars of the old Urakami Church to the exact hypocenter (a new, smaller church has gone up on the old site), and has erected nearby a six-story International Cultural Hall and a thirty-two-foot-high bronze Peace Statue—a seated Buddha-like figure, eyes reflectively closed in tribute to the dead, right arm upthrust to connote the threat of

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atomic power, left arm outstretched to connote peace. (The day I went to see the memorial, a brass band sporting the colors of a local bus company stood before it, blaring forth a military march. I guess there are few peace tunes in a brass band's repertoire.) On the streets of neither Nagasaki nor Hiroshima, surprisingly, does one see any appreciable number of individuals with disfigurements that are recognizably attributable to the bomb. Both cities have special hospital wings for such victims, and outside the confines of these the only identifiable bomb survivors are a few maimed or scarred persons who sell nuclear souvenirs to tourists. Hiroshima goes in more heavily for such souvenirs—scarves with mushroom clouds printed on them, and the like—than Nagasaki does. A number of stores here sell small-scale replicas of the Peace Statue, and up to a couple of years ago, I understand, there was a modest trade in roof tiles blackened by the blast, but Nagasaki gives pride of place to its ancient distinctions, and the mementos most frequently on view are dolls dressed as Catholic nuns, and models of sailing ships—many of the latter made of tortoise shell, a favorite material of local artisans.

Although Nagasaki suffered fewer atomic casualties than Hiroshima (seventy-six thousand dead and injured as against one hundred and forty thousand), some citizens of Nagasaki still express mild irritation that there has been so much less attention paid to their city in the postwar years than to Hiroshima, which calls itself the Atomic City, and boasts a big atomic museum, next to the perhaps pointedly named New Hiroshima Hotel. Nagasaki has its New Nagasaki Hotel (where English-speaking guests are confronted in their rooms with signs asking them please not to bring in explosives), but its atomic relics are confined to only one floor of its Cultural Hall, which gives much more prominence to paintings of bygone Dutchmen playing billiards on Deshima and of martyrs tearfully contemplating a crucifix laid at their bare feet. There has been no movie called "Nagasaki, Mon Amour," and there have been no Nagasaki Maidens, though after several Hiroshima women bomb victims had been sent to the United States for plastic surgery, the Soviet Union did invite one similarly afflicted Nagasaki woman to undergo similar treatment in Moscow. Occasionally, one hears a Nagasaki resident declare, with perverse pride, that his city had it worse, and cite as evidence some of the innumerable statistics that have been compiled

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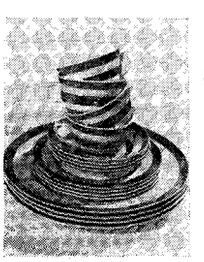

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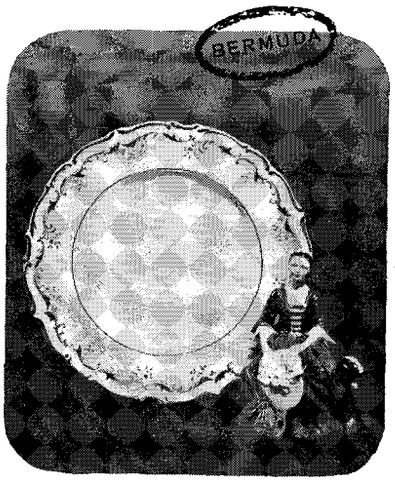

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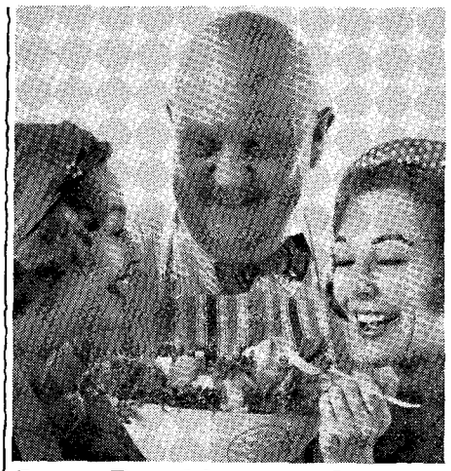
since 1945—for instance, that in Hiroshima roof tiles melted no farther away from the hypocenter than nineteen hundred feet, whereas in Nagasaki they melted over three thousand feet away. As a rule, however, the people of Nagasaki display an easygoing, non-competitive spirit, and if they envy Hiroshima anything, it is probably that city's right to claim Prime Minister Ikeda as a native son, for no Nagasaki man has yet attained any such political heights. As some of the younger survivors of the Hiroshima bomb have approached marriageable age, they have been dogged by the local insistence—notwithstanding scientific data to the contrary—that the children of anybody exposed to the bomb are likely to be monsters, and that such a person is thus a poor matrimonial risk. This kind of prejudice has been far less prevalent in Nagasaki. People here pride themselves on taking everything in stride, and a remarkable number of them seem actually to have taken an atomic bomb in stride. Some who live in the least damaged southern part of town can even be heard to say they wished they lived in the northern section, because the latter boasts, perforce, a larger array of modern, postwar buildings. And other residents, even those who lost close relatives when the bomb was dropped, are apt to startle a newcomer who solicits their reactions to the tragedy with some such reply as "Nagasaki is much cleaner than it was before the war."

IN both target cities, an American organization called the Atomic Bomb Casualty Commission, which is supported by our Atomic Energy Commission, has been engaged since 1947 in extensive research into aftereffects of the nuclear assaults. Whatever conclusions the A.B.C.C. may ultimately reach will owe a great deal to the voluntary cooperation of the 1945 residents of Hiroshima and Nagasaki who escaped alive. The remarkable willingness of this rare data group to assist the work of the A.B.C.C. is a source of some wonder to that organization's radiologists, epidemiologists, statisticians, and others—especially in view of the fact that the A.E.C. is still busily designing atomic weapons. In the past few years, four-fifths of the Japanese who have been approached by the A.B.C.C. have agreed to help out—a response that, according to Dr. George Darling, a Yale public-health professor who has been director of the Casualty Commission since 1957, would be phenomenal for a hale and hearty group.

The A.B.C.C., which functions in



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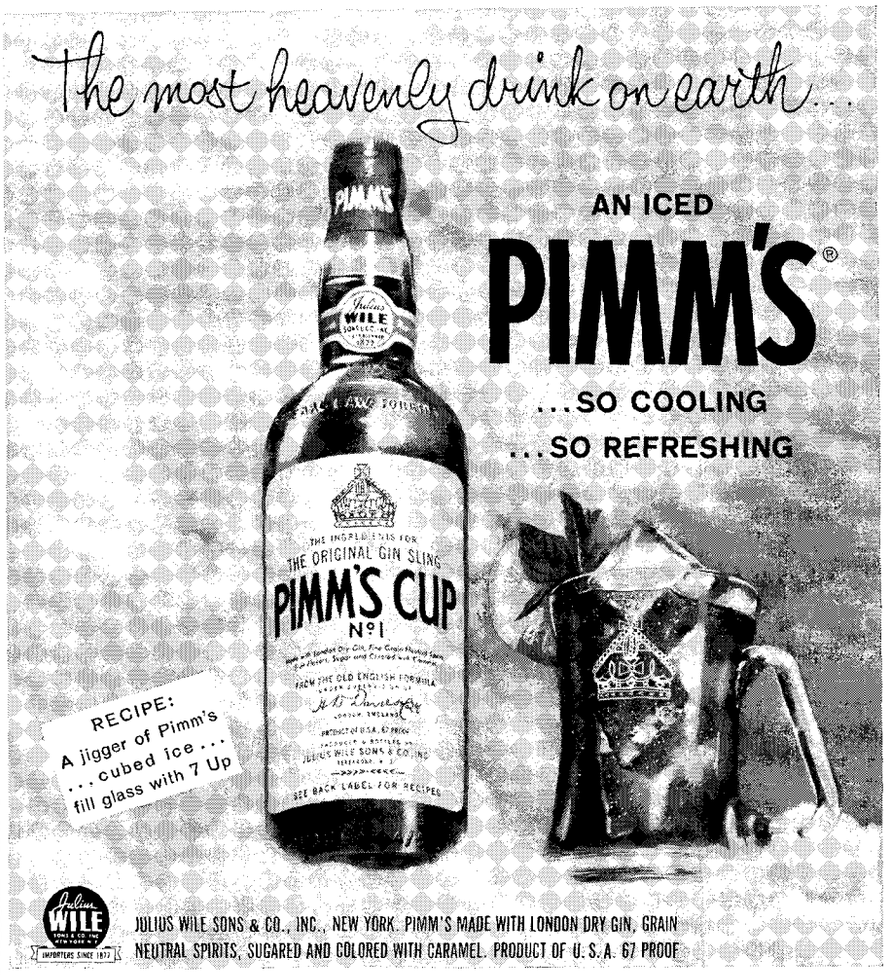
partnership with the Japanese National Institute of Health, seeks not only to get useful information from these singular war veterans but, in return, to give them useful information. On my way to Nagasaki, I stopped off in Hiroshima, where the A.B.C.C. has its headquarters, and had a talk with Dr. Darling. "I'm often asked what we're actually doing for these people, aside from taking samples of their blood, pummelling them on the examination table, and asking them embarrassing questions," he said. "The fact is we're doing nothing tangible. But we've already told them—and I wish they'd all believe us—that as far as having children is concerned, they have nothing to worry about. And we hope eventually to allay some of their other fears as well. For instance, suppose that we can establish the fact—which we sure would like to do—that for those who were *more* than two thousand metres, or 6,562 feet, from the hypocenter, the risk of delayed ill effects from radiation is no greater than it is for any other human being. For some ten thousand people who were within the two-thousand-metre radius, our findings would, of course, be a cause of further anguish, but the people who were outside that critical zone could relax."

In his efforts to promote faith and understanding between the Japanese and the Casualty Commission, Dr. Darling was recently abetted by the Hiroshima Medical Society. The Society had been invited to have a team of its members compete on an amateur television variety show against whatever opposition it might select. It chose the A.B.C.C., which got up a team including its chief of medicine, who can juggle, and its laboratory director, an amateur practitioner of the dance forms used in Nō drama. The contest was close, so close that the Hiroshima doctors won by a single point, and wouldn't have won at all if the A.B.C.C.'s juggler hadn't dropped a ball—at the whispered instigation, some witnesses later suggested, of Dr. Darling, who, it was claimed, thought it would be diplomatic to let the home team triumph.

The Casualty Commission has a staff of nearly a thousand men and women, nine-tenths of them Japanese. So far, the A.B.C.C. has compiled dossiers of one sort or another on practically all of the approximately two hundred and fifty thousand individuals who were in Hiroshima or Nagasaki ATB, which is the Commission's abbreviation for "at the time of the bomb," and who still live in or near the two cities. Right now, the Commission is accumulating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data on the causes of mortality among children exposed to radiation; is making a continuing survey of the health of the ten thousand adults who were exposed—that is, within 6,562 feet of the hypocenter—and comparing their histories with those of a group of ten thousand unexposed neighbors; and is studying the life span of a hundred thousand of the survivors. It has been argued, though by no means proved, that, in conformity with the survival-of-the-fittest doctrine, the people who came through the attacks unscathed may be made of unusually strong stuff, or may possess some innate and as yet scientifically inexplicable immunity to radiation.

In 1957, the Japanese Diet, which had previously bestowed modest subsidies on both Hiroshima and Nagasaki to assist them in their reconstruction (there was a limit to what the government could do, because the damage in these cities was considerably less than that from conventional bombs in others, including Tokyo), passed an Atomic Bomb Sufferers' Medical Treatment Law, by which survivors are entitled to two free physical examinations a year, and to free hospitalization if their checkups indicate that something is wrong. Much of this program is paid for out of the proceeds of an annual national lottery in which the Japanese postal department sells numbered New Year's greeting cards and, after rewarding the recipients of lucky cards with television sets and other such prizes, dedicates the bulk of the take to worthy causes. For the last couple of years, some of the money has gone not only to implement the Medical Treatment Law but to build welfare centers, in both Hiroshima and Nagasaki, in which A-bomb sufferers may have their checkups and those with crippling injuries may receive vocational training. From the start, the Japanese doctors who conduct the physical examinations have been somewhat perplexed by a variation of a problem that has long confronted the Veterans Administration in the United States—the necessity of making borderline judgments as to what constitutes a service-connected disability. A Hiroshima or Nagasaki resident may go to his doctor and complain that he hasn't been feeling too well, and that he was exposed to radiation when the bomb went off, and now he thinks maybe he has a touch of the A-bomb sickness. There is no such specifically designated disease, but whatever it is that ails the patient, the physician can't say for certain (and neither can the A.B.C.C., for that matter) whether it is or isn't somehow related to

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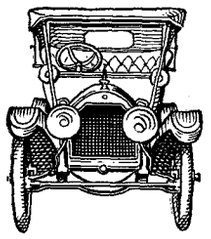

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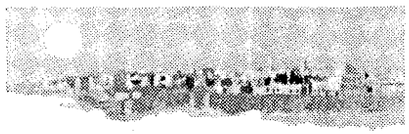

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a sixteen-year-old dose of radiation; more often than not he'll give the patient the benefit of the doubt and arrange for whatever free treatment is available. No one begrudges a Hiroshima or Nagasaki man the benefit of any doubt.

LIKE most cities in Japan, Nagasaki is less concerned these days with raking up the past than with looking forward to what it hopes will be a serene and rosy future. The municipal government, housed in a shiny new office building (the old one burned down four years ago, in a non-explosive fire), hopes to revitalize the city's economy, in part, by luring tourists here—particularly Western tourists. This winter, a delegation of fifteen Nagasaki civic leaders, among them the owner of a fleet of sightseeing buses and a manufacturer of spongecakes (these have been a local specialty ever since the Portuguese introduced them), descended upon Hawaii, their baggage full of enticing brochures describing the glories of Nagasaki's Chinese-dragon festivals and kite-flying contests. In Nagasaki during the kite-flying season, which occurs in the gusty month of April, as many as ten thousand aficionados will converge on a single hilltop to watch defending champions and novice challengers tangle, literally and figuratively—each trying, by means of a kite line coated with ground glass, to saw his rival's line in two and send the enemy kite crashing to the ground or soaring uncontrollably away.

Nagasaki has been variously described as the Naples of Japan, the Sydney of Japan, the Buenos Aires of Japan, the Hong Kong of Japan, and the San Francisco of Japan, but its official sister city happens to be St. Paul, Minnesota. Nobody in Nagasaki seems to know quite why this is so, except that an American proposed the sibling affiliation six years ago, and the St. Paul city council swiftly passed a resolution cementing it. The Nagasaki council hasn't yet got around to any such formal ratification, but both the mayor and the deputy mayor of this city have made ceremonial trips to Minnesota, and when the citizens of Nagasaki decided to beautify the area around the hypocenter, St. Paul dispatched a batch of petunia seeds. Most of the time, though, Nagasaki's eyes are focussed not on the distant east (that is, the Western world) but, as they have been for centuries, on the west and south—toward the mainland of Asia. The city's fishermen, who operate a bustling fleet of more than eight hundred vessels, and whose catch is now largely consumed in the Osaka-Kobe-Kyoto

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complex of central Japanese cities, are eager to sell marine products to the mainland Chinese, who used to be their best customers. Throughout Japan today, indeed, the government is under increasing pressure to devise some *modus operandi* whereby the country can continue to trade with Taiwan, to which it exports nearly a hundred million dollars' worth of goods each year, and at the same time start exporting, on a potentially far vaster scale, to the mainland. How this much desired economic aim can be achieved without producing great political complications is a question for which no Japanese has yet provided an acceptable reply. It is a question that was raised, naturally enough, when Prime Minister Ikeda visited Washington last month; and in Nagasaki, as in the rest of Japan, those who keep asking it also keep hoping that someday soon maybe President Kennedy—or perhaps Mao Tse-tung—will come up with a peaceful and workable answer.

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These figures reveal that the book business is now indeed Big Business; they also explain the sudden investment by individuals, banks, mutual funds, etc., in publishing companies and their stocks (listed and unlisted), and the acquisitions in the last year or so of one or more publishers by another (euphemistically termed "mergers"). Crowell-Collier, for example, gobbled up Macmillan and then downed a small textbook company; Meredith swallowed Appleton-Century-Crofts and shortly afterward snapped up Duell, Sloan and Pearce (neither Crowell-Collier nor Meredith had heretofore published general books); Harcourt, Brace dispatched the World Book Company; McGraw-Hill bolted F. W. Dodge; the World Publishing Company devoured Meridian; Farrar, Straus and Cudahy (already quite a ragout) feasted on the Noonday Press; and Henry Holt tucked in two old firms, Rinehart and Winston, in one mouthful. Perhaps the most succulent banquet of all was held by Random House when it daintily digested Alfred A. Knopf, then gorged on Singer, a textbook firm.

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[Tony] George, who is here for the briefest of necessary visits, sat in the living room of his suite at the Berkshire Hotel and took off his shoes. New York always makes his feet hurt terribly.

"It might be psychosomatic but I think it's the cement pavements and all this walking. Hard on the feet. In California we don't walk. We drive, with the top down, faces lifted to the sun." —*Margaret McManus in the World-Telegram & Sun.*

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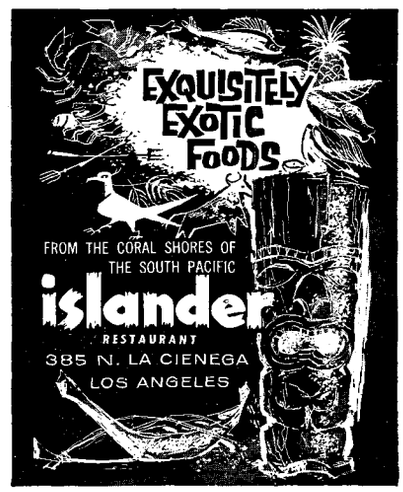

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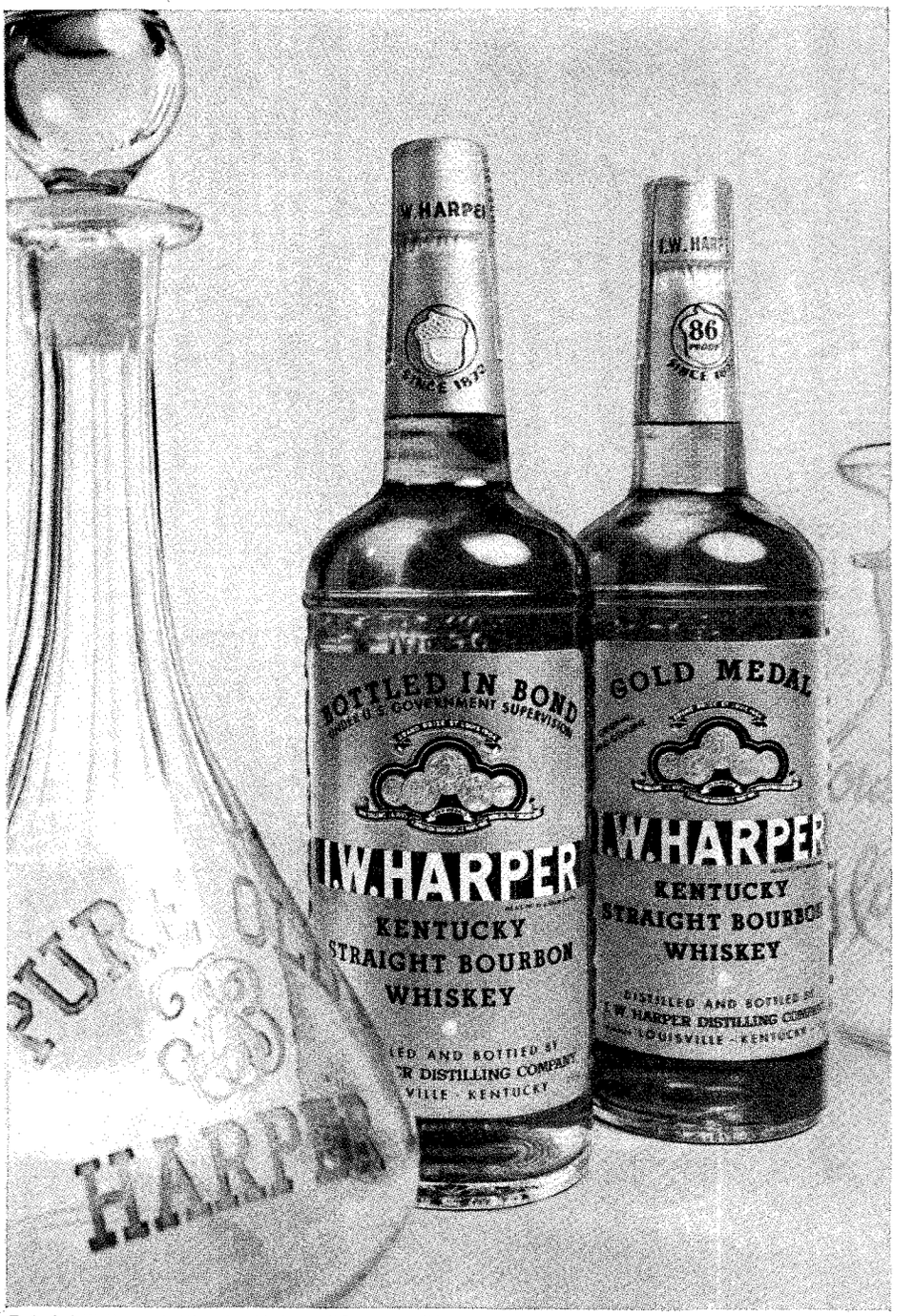

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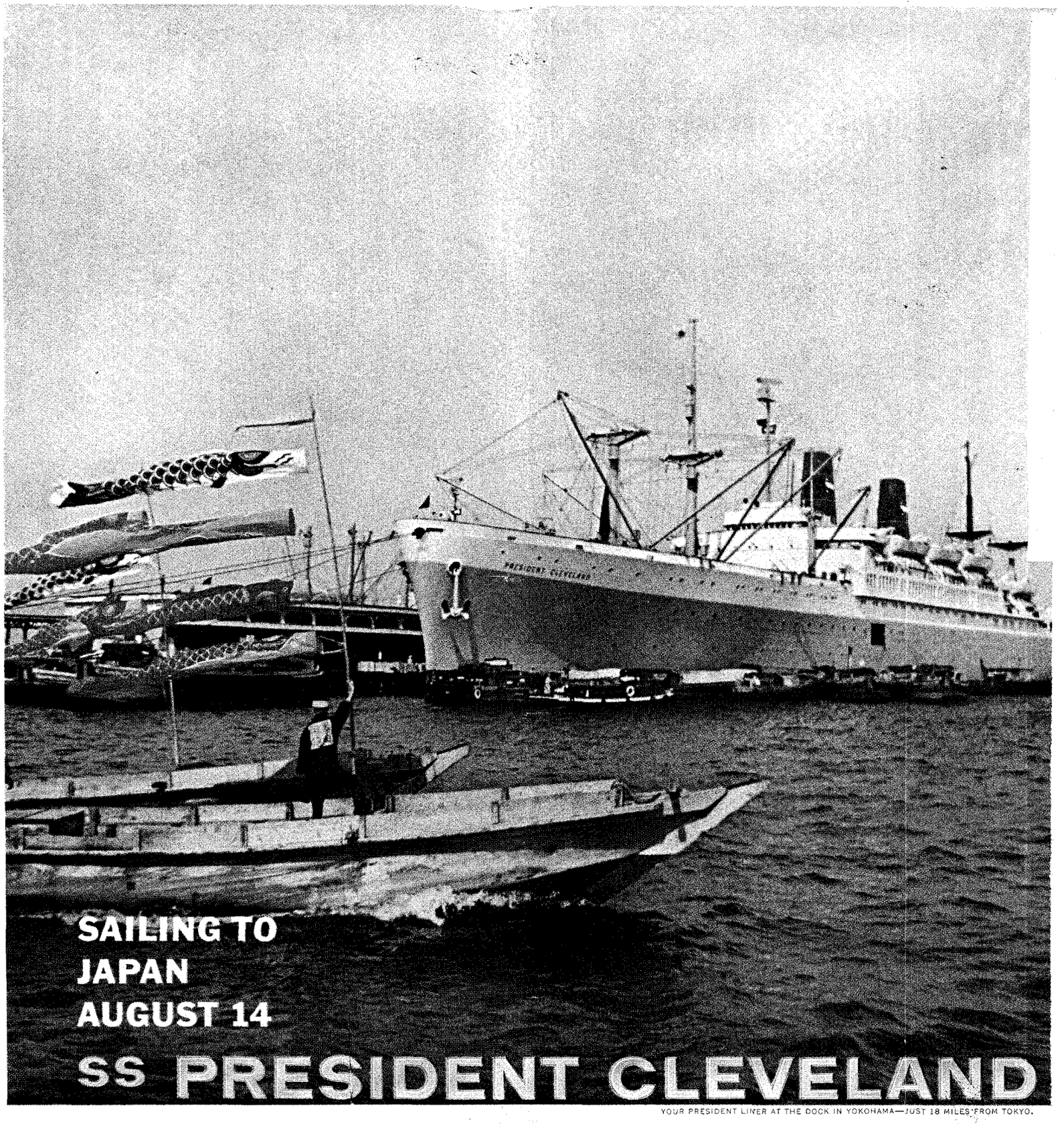

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